# A POSIE

of Gilloflowers, eche *differing from other in* colour and odour, yet all ſweete.

By Humfrey Gifford Gent.

¶ *Imprinted at London* for Iohn Perin, and are to be *ſolde at his ſhop in Paules* Churchyard, at the ſigne of the Angell.

1580.



# A POSIE

# To the Worshipfull his very good Maister Edward Cope of Edon, Esquier, Humfrey Gifforde wisheth many yeeres of prosperities.



HAuing by your worships fauourable permittance, conuenient oportunity in your seruice, to bestow certain houres amongst my bookes, with which exercise (of all earthly recreations I am most delighted) both reasō bids me, and duety bindes me, to make you partaker of some of the fruits of my studies. And farther, your woorship being the onely maister that euer I serued, vnto whom (my parentes excepted) I acknowledge my selfe more bounde, then to al the worlde besides, I might be sayde to carie a verie bad minde with me, if I shoulde not endeuour by some one meanes or other, to shewe my selfe thankefull for your benefites. And not knowing better how to doe the same, I haue (amongst other toies by me taken in hand) made speciall choice of these translations ensewing, to present you with, as a pledge of my loyaltie and testimonie of the duetiful zeale that I beare you. The first thing that shall heerein bee offered to your view, is a moste excellent Epistle, written first in Italian by Maister *Clodius Ptholomæus*, which according vnto my simple skill, I haue conuerted into English, although not with suche eloquence as some other might (peradueuture) haue done it: yet I trust with suche diligence that yee shall finde the intent of the Authour sufficiently explaned. Hee made it for the comforting of an acquaintaunce of his,

who beyng fallen into pouerty, did beare it very impacient-ly, wherein he hath diſcharged the duety of a friend, ſo faith-fully, that no man can ſay to much in the commendation of it, but that it will deſerue a greate deale more. And what indifferent iudgement, it ſhall ſeeme too wante of the prayſe that I geue it, ſhall appeare to come to paſſe through the imperfection of the Tranſlator, and not any default of the Authour, whoſe abilitie, if it ſhall not in all poyntes anſweare to the willingneſſe of his mynde, meriteth the rather too bee pardoned in that he hath done his goodwil. Next vnto this Epiſtle followeth another of the ſame mans compoſition, which for the occaſion, wherevpon it was made, is not inferiour to the firſt. For the golden examples and diuine ſentences that are cowched in them, I chriſtened this diſcourſe by the name of *A Comfortable Recreation*, nothing doubting but that whoſoeuer ſhall peruſe it with aduiſed conſideration, will acknowledge that what the Title doeth profeſſe in ſhewe, the treatiſe will performe in ſubſtance. As the ylneſſe of my manner of handeling of it was as it were a bridle to holde me backe from geuing my conſent that it ſhoulde come foorth, ſo the goodneſſe of the matter contayned in it, ſerued me as a ſpurre to pricke me forwardes to yeelde to theyr entreaties that craued to haue it publiſhed. Such other french and Italian toyes as I haue tranſlated, and added heerevnto (if I flatter not my ſelfe ouermuch in myne owne follies) are ſuche as will bring more delight then diſliking to the peruſers of them. I am to craue pardon for my preſumption in dedicating them to your woorſhippe, which I haue done, in that paſſing vnder the ſhadowe of your protection, they ſhall of a number that know you, be receaued with the greater fauour.

Thus hoping that my welmeaning & willing endeuour ſhalbe conſtred in the beſt parte, remayning moſt thankefull to your worſhip, for your benefits beſtowed on mee, I put an

ende

end to my rud preface, wiſhing vnto & you my miſtres, with your little ones, and all other your welwillers, many yeeres of proſperities. With humble and heartie interceſſion vnto God, that as yee haue already planted a good and lawdable beginning amongſt your neighbours, and liue in credit in your countrey, with the loue and good liking of as many as know you, that ſo yee may grow and goe forwardes with dayly encreaſe of worſhippe, vntill it ſhalbe his good pleaſure, that yee ſhall exchaunge this earthly manſion, for a heauenly habitation.

Your ſeruaunt
Humfrey Gifford.

# To the Reader.



*Vrteous and friendly Reader, being desirous to content many, and not giue occasion of offence to any, I haue suffered the importunacie of som my welwillers to prevayle so far with me, that I haue yeelded them my consent for the publishing of this Treatise, not being ignorant vnto what hazard of reproch they oppose themselues, that permit their doings to be layde open to the view of a multitude. For as the better sort will pronounce their oppinions of it, answerable to the veritie of the substaunce, that shalbe in the workes contained: so the greater sorte doe commonly giue their verdit according to the vanitie of the surmises that shall by them be conceaued: often kindling a kinde of mislike with the matter, for some secrete malice that they beare to the man: And more oftener for a resolute and setled determination that they haue grounded in them, neuer to like well of any thing, vnlesse it meete iumpe with their own doting and peeuish imaginations, or be some pigge of their proper farrowing: being in this poynt not vnlike the crow, who alwaies thinks her owne byrdes fayrest. But dayly examples teach vs, that they which vomitte forth the poysoned rancour of their malicious stomackes, against the lawdable attemptes of others: most, are such as of themselues can doe least: who neither cary a minde to vndertake any commendable exercise themselues, nor haue a meaning to permit others that would, to performe it without their venomous backbyting. If comparisons were not odious, I woulde heere liken all such whelpes of Zoilus, to that crabbed and cancker'ly natur'de curre, which being layde vpon a bottle of hey, would neither feede of it himself, (being meat contrary to his complection) nor suffer the poore hungerstarued beastes to approch neere it quietly: but would lye*

*still*

ſtill ſnapping and ſnarling at them. But to omitte theſe preambulations, and come to the purpoſe, I tell thee (gentle Reader) if thou wilt vouchſafe the ouerlooking of this comfortable recreation, with a mind to profit, thou maiſt reape benefit, and be greatly bettered by the reading of it. For the bridling and keeping vnder of our diſordinate affections: for the reſtrayning and contayning of our deſires within the compaſſe of a contented meane: For the vſe and abuſe of riches, and for the gayning and obtayning of the true and perfect tranquilitie of minde, one may reade much, and yet not finde it more pithily and ſubſtantially ſette downe, then in theſe Epiſtles following: And eſpecially in the firſt, where thou ſhalt meete with ſuch plentie of ſweete and comfortable conſolations, collected out of the bowelles of the ſcripture, and applyed ſo aptly, as will mooue them, if thou haue neuer ſo little taſt or feeling in them of God, or godlyneſſe, to minde thy creator, and be thankefull vnto him for his benefits. And my hope is, that the goodneſſe and excellencie of the matter ſhall ſo rauiſh thy ſenſes that my imperfections in the tranſlating of them, ſhall be paſt ouer by thee vneſpied. Neuerthelesſ if either in the edition of this, or other my trifles, any thing ſhal chaunce to eſcape mee, which in thy vnpartial opinion ſhal ſeeme vnfitting, I will moſt willingly ſubmit my ſelfe to the cenſure of thy iudgement, & vpon admonition amende the fault by repentance, yeelding thee thankes for thy friendlineſſe, anſwerable to the minde and good meaning that I ſhal ſee thee to aduertiſe me of it. But if I ſhal perceaue thee to ſpeake it, more of malice to reprehend mee, then of meaning to amende me, it wil ſo diſcomfort and diſcourage me, and take downe myne edge in ſuch ſort, that I doubt, I ſhal very hardly be brought hereafter to repoſe confidence againe in thy courteſie. Yet if thou bee learned, and wilt tel me of my faults louingly, ſpare not, I wil take it moſt thãkfully: alſo if thou be one of Momus mates, and doſt raile at my doings ſpytefullie I care not, I will brooke it moſt patiently, accounting it no leſſe commendation to bee ill ſpoken of, by one that is ignoraunt and fooliſh, then to be well ſpoken of, by one that is ſkilfull and wiſe.

Thus

# To the Reader.

*Thus we should doe, and thus (would to God) we could doe: but as it is most easie to professe patience in words when our estate is in quiet: so is it very difficulte to expresse it in deedes, when our affections are distempered. Such as take mens purses from them vndesired, passe often by the sentence of a cord, and shall such as robbe men of their good names vndeserued, be suffered to escape scotfree? This may be set downe for a rule that neuer fayles: that as many men would be glad to be better thought of, then his dealings shall deserue: so any man would be loth to be worse thought of, then his doinges shall demerit. For to be defrauded of deserued prayse, and pursued with vndeserued reproch, may well bee accounted a double iniurie. To conclude (gentle Reader) I haue bin so charie in the choyce of the things contained in this pamphlet, that thou mayst finde many thinges heerein to delight thee, and not any thing to displight thee. If thou shalt take pleasure, or gaine profit by the reading of them: be thankfull to the authors, and vouchsafe to thinke well of the translator, who when he would thee worst, wisheth thee well.*

Thine in all curtesie,
Humfrey Gifford.

# ¶ *An Epiſtle written in Ftalian, by* Maiſter Claudius Ptholomœus, for the comforting of his very louing and learned friend, Maiſter Dionyſius, *beeing fallen into powerty, and engliſhed by* H. G.

YEe ſhould haue done me a great pleaſure, if (as I requeſted you) yée had come and remained with mée at my houſe this Sommer; where, farre from the rumors of the city, amiddeſt the delectable woods, yée ſhoulde haue auoyded a great part of theſe gréefes, with which yee now are moleſted; and aboue al, yée ſhould not ſo ſharply haue felt the bitinges of powerty, which in your laſt letter, yée ſo cruelly complayne of. For it is a thing moſt manifeſt (as S. Hierome ſayth verv well) that our eyes are the chiefe cauſe, that powerty ſeemeth ſo ſharpe and bitter vnto vs. Take away the ſight of riches, by and by powerty ſéemeth light vnto me. When I ſée not the pompes, the treaſures, the iewels, the riche attire, delicious tables, ſumptuous pallaces, great traynes of ſeruants in others; I neyther ſearch for them, nor couet after them, neyther am I carefull for being without them. But aſſone as theſe wilde beaſtes are once preſented before my eyes. ſtraightwayes with theyr falſe and deceaueable beauty, like enchauntreſſes, they lyme my deſire, which done (like infernall furies) they torment it with a thouſand anoyes; by the meanes whereof, all quiet & tranquillity is baniſhed frō the mind of man; in place whereof, vnpleaſant cogitations, broken ſléepes, froward hatred, blinde enuy, ſeruile feare, doubtfull hope, and diuers other their cruell companions, and copeſmates, raigne, and gouerne our affections. Truely, I my ſelfe, who do now thinke

by long experience, and ſound iudgement of mind, to be ſomwhat ſtabliſhed, and confirmed in temperate deſires; when ſometimes I am conuerſant (I ſay) amongſt the pompes of the citie, I ſeeme to feele certayne waters of vayne appetites to bubble vp wiin me; which might peraduenture breed ſome greeuous infirmity in my mynde, if I did not ſodainly kill & keepe them doiune with the tempeſt of moderation: & doubtleſſe as oft as I make repayre into theſe places, I ſeeme to be carried on a calme Sea, with a moderate winde, without ſwelling of the waues, or danger of any tempeſt. Yee might (I ſay) haue done me a moſt acceptable pleaſure, if yee had come vnto me, to haue auoyded the dangers & annoyances of pouerty amongſt theſe ſolitary woods, & yee ſhould alſo haue deliuered me of a great trouble in writing vnto you. For that here ỹ greẽn graſſe, the flowriſhing trees, the cryſtal ſtreames, the chirping birdes, the harmeleſſe beaſts, the open ayre, the ſeeing of euery thing to reioyce at the giftes of nature, would haue byn better maiſters for the inſtructing of you, then all the ſchooles of Philoſophers in Athens. Or if this had not byn ſufficient, yet had it beẽn more eaſy for me to haue tolde you what was conuenient in walking, and (as it were) ſporting with you, (then beeing diſtant) I can nowe doe by writing. But a friend is neuer to be abandoned, rather wee ſhoulde endeuour to ſearch out euery remedy, for his health; to vndertake any trauell; and to put our ſelues betwixt euery danger, for his ſafety. Although I beleeue, yee demaund conſolation of me, not for that yee want it in your ſelfe, I knowing you to be both wiſe & temperate; but for that (as it comes to paſſe) yee eſteeme the conſolation geuen by a deere friend, to be more pleaſant than your owne. For in this yee taſte but your ſelfe onely: in the other yee ſhall participate both of the fruite of your ſelfe, and of your friend. I ſay vnto you (Maiſter Dionyſius) that firſt, I know not, whether to be poore or rich, be a thing ỹ hath his foundation in nature, or is altogether placed in the opinion of men. But this I cleerely know, ỹ pouerty is an euil or affection, which men without neceſſity, haue by opinion onely placed amongeſt the euils, & affecti-

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ons, which nature hath bestowed on vs, & haue made ý same of her, as (Menander saith) they haue done of ambitiō, of the iniury of wordes, of vnlucky dreames, of wonders, & many other things, which not being giuē vs by nature for any euill at al, we, neuertheles through our folish imagination, accoūt thē as a disgrace ý not a litle tormenteth vs. Through which it comes to passe, that man is more vnfortunate, then any other liuing creature whatsoeuer. Who is he liuing according to the vse of men nowadayes, seing himself to fal out of fauor wō his maister, had not rather haue ten burning feuers, then lose this his fauor? wheras if he had soūd iudgemēt, & would not suffer himselfe to be corrupted, wō false imagination, he ought rather to chose the disfauour of foure maisters, then to suffer one onely feuer; for that the first, is an euil springing onely of opiniō, & this is grounded & founded in nature it self. So likewise semeth it vnto me of pouerty, ý if it be an euill (wō I beleue not) it taketh his original onely of ý fantasies, & thoughts of men of weak vnderstāding, hauing no foundatiō at all in nature. And therfore Iesus Christ our sauiour most prudētly & diuinely cōforted, not only his disciples, but al the poore also, wō this goodly & most beautiful exāple of two sparowes. Is not man (saith Christ) of greater price then two sparowes? hath not God greater regard of him, then of these litle byrds? & yet they want nothing that is nēdful for their sustenance. Shal any thing be wanting thē vnto men wō are had in greater estimatiō, both wō God & nature? And verily, it is not to be doubted but that pouerty & riches sprang first of the diuisiō of dominions, being brought in rather by the grēedines & ambition of men, then by any order of nature. O blessed be yée litle beasts, you fēele not at al, those pearcings, & priuy bytings of pouerty, but liue frely and ioyfully in the pure law of nature, without encombring your selues, with eyther riches or pouerty. Let pouerty bée what shée will, I knowe not wherefore wée shoulde accounte of her, when as she is not of the things that are within vs, but reckoned in the number of those that are without vs.

For man is made and framed of ſoule and body onely, and it is not neceſſary to the compoſition of him, that there ſhoulde appertayne a ſoule, a body, and riches. Now if pouerty be not of the thinges within vs, but without vs, what euil (I pray you) can thée doe vs? Surely it muſt be muche leſſe, then that which offendeth the parts of which we are truely compoſed ſickneſſe, and diſeaſes make death ſéeme vnto vs more bitter then gall; likewiſe ignorance, dulneſſe, enuie, ſinne, and wickedneſſe corrupt the beauty of our ſoules: of theſe in parte we are framed. But what hath pouerty to doe with vs? thée hath reſpect (as hath bëne ſayde) to the thinges without vs, and ſhoulde not anoy vs, if we (enemies to our owne ſelues) toke not her dartes in our handes, and with them moſt bitterly pearced our owne ſoules. But I ſay vnto you farther, that the reſtleſſe griefe, the lothſome irkeſomneſſe, and cruell prickinges that pouerty procureth, ſpring all from one rote: which is, the deſire of ſuperfluous things. Take away the deſire of thoſe thinges that are nëdeleſſe, and all this troubleſome Sea will preſently become quiet, and calme. Of a troth, that ſentence manifeſted by the Philoſophers, celebrated of ỹ ſages, & allowed by long experience (that nature is contented with very fewe thinges) is moſt true. Wherupõ Cleanthus gaue vnto men this worthy leſſõ. Wilt ỹ (ſaid Cleanthus) bë quickly rich? be thou then pore of deſires. I pray thée tell me how nëdful is it, from defending one from the cold, to be clothed in veluet, purple or gold, & to be alwaies in ſundry faſhions? Theſe garments bring no helpe vnto nature, but increaſe the ſmoke of our ambition; neither yet can we euer be ſatiſfied: wherby we gayne no other thing, but to make our vanities, & the blind cloude of our deſires more apparãt. What neceſſity is there for the fëeding of our body & ſuſtentation of our life, to haue our tables loded with a hundred diuers meates: al placed in veſſels of ſiluer & gold? Firſt this is certaine, that if nature deſire a meaſurable quantity of meate for her ſuſtenance; ỹ which is takẽ more, is to the deſtroying & corrupting both of nature & life, wherby it was wel & truely ſpokẽ, that many more are ſlain by glut-

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tony, then by the ſwoꝛd.

And it is dayly ſæne, that many of them, at whome the fooliſh commonaltie ſo greatly wonder, in the end are paide home with a deſerued puniſhment foꝛ their ambitious gluttonie: Some repleniſhing themſelues with rhewmes, others gaining to themſelues the gout: other ſome waſting and conſuming their liuer, & cauſing their ſinewes to ſhꝛink: others dying miſerably long beforꝛe their time. It is manifeſt alſo, that with their ſundꝛy kindes of ſauces they haue bꝛought it ſo to paſſe, that nothing ſauoureth of it ſelfe; and that they very ſeldome eate with appetite, oꝛ delight. O how true is that notable ſentence, and how well pꝛoued at all times; That hunger is the beſt ſawce of all others, which makes all meates ſauerie and delightfull! The example of Darius is no leſſe true then common; who in his flight after a battaile being wearied, and dꝛinking a quantitie of muddy water, did ſweare, that in all his life time, hée neuer dꝛanke moꝛe pleaſauntly: Beholde therfoꝛe; the pooꝛe men are moſt rich of thoſe things, of which the rich (thꝛough their blinde vnſatiablenes) are moſt pooꝛe. Finally it is manifeſt, that this ſuperfluous fæding is an example of crueltie: Firſt, againſt thẽſelues, that vſe it; foꝛ becauſe (as it is ſaid) many are diſeaſed, many killed, and many bꝛought to miſerie:) Next, againſt a number of the pooꝛe, who (if it were well ſæne vnto) might bée relieued temperately with that which theſe cõſume immoderately. How much better ſhould they doe, & what moꝛe pꝛaiſe might they deſerue, both of God & the woꝛld, if (reſtraining their diet to an honeſt & temperat moderatiõ) al that which is vainly ſpent, were by them conuerted into ſome better vſe, either in marrying ſome maides, oꝛ in giuinig exhibition to yong men addicted to ſtudie, oꝛ in vſing any other bountifull curteſie. Truely, I am not of opinion, that foꝛ being rich they had néede to eat moꝛe: neither that their welth doubling, they ſhould redouble their eating & dꝛinking; & ỹ they encreaſing theſe, ſhould encreaſe moꝛe alſo. To pꝛoceed farther in the matter, I ſay what néede is there, foꝛ the kéeping vs from the raine, the wind, and the

Sunne,

sunne, to dwel in sumptuous pallaces, replenished with most costly ornaments, as though a little cottage might not bee sufficient to fence and defend vs from such iniurious impressions, in which also, for the most part, more rest and safetie is found, then in the other. What a fondnesse: yea, what a monstrous appetite was it of Nero, when that of all the mount Celio and more, hee made but one onely house, through which it was doubted, least that therein hee would haue swallowed vp all Rome: and hee was not ashamed to say, that now hee began to lyue, as was conuenient for men: It pleaseth mee well, that sumptuous and stately buildinges bee seene in the world; not for any neede and tranquilitie of man, but for the bewtifying, and setting out of Cities; and for the demonstration of the wondersulnes and excellencie of artes. But hee that is without them, so that hee haue some cotage to couer himselfe therwith, ought not to bee troubled for not hauing of them.

What shal wee say of the quiet bed for the wearied members? is it requisite that it bee adorned with golde and precious stones? as the lascinious Emperours did often vse to doe in times past at Rome? or is it sufficient that it bee of leaues, as was vsed in the first world? though but homely, yet more naturall? True it is, that Laertes had in his house none other but one olde woman, which brought him his meate and drinke, who slept commonly on the ground, on a mattresse made of leaues. I wil not heere enter into the discourse, what is pertinent to the vse of mans lyfe, where ambition and vanitie is out of measure augmented beyond that which the necessitie of Nature doeth require; and with this encreasing, hath brought vnto mortall creatures many troubles, diuers displeasures, & infinite vexations, springing onely of a foolish, nay rather frantike, and raging appetite of superfluitie. Onely thus much I say vnto you, that vnto a wise man, who will not suffer himself to bee caryed away, with false resemblances, or fained apparances, it sufficeth that he haue wherewith to defend himselfe from hunger and

thirst

thirſt; and from the colde and heate: ſo that the Philoſopher Epictetus, with a gallant ſimilitude did ſay very well. As the ſote is the meaſure of the ſhoe: ſo the meaſure of hauing is the body of the man it ſelfe; if thou deſire to be ſtayed herein, a moderation muſt be obſerued in thy deſires, beyonde the which if thou paſſe, thou muſt of neceſſitie runne headlong into infinite inconueniences. And to bring this to paſſe, I thinke it not neceſſary to haue the ſubſtaunce of Cræſus, or Lucullus; but very few thinges may ſuffice for the attaining of it, in ſuch ſorte that almoſt euery one may attain vnto it with little difficultie, if they would but bridle and reſtrain their deſires within the limits of an honeſt moderatiõ.

Verily, when I way and ponder theſe thinges with my ſelfe, that diuine ſentence of Seneca, ſæmeth vnto me to bee worthily ſpoken, who with a true leſſon warneth vs, ſaying, If ye haue reſpect vnto that, wherewith Nature is ſuffiſed, yee ſhall neuer be poore: if ye looke vnto that which opinion craueth, ye ſhall neuer be rich. O moſt golden ſentence, wherein the greateſt parte of the trauayle and repoſe of man conſiſteth! Who is he, that hauing reſpect only to the neceſſities of Nature, can euer be poore? Againe, who is he ỹ folowing the appetite of vain things, & the deſire of ſuperfluities that, can euer be rich? This man poſſeſſing a bewtiful houſe, & ſireth a village; hauing obtained that, he wold haue a ſtock and furniture for them both: This being graunted, he craueth great ſtore of mony for diuers vſes, & neceſſities; alſo this money being gotten, he hath a deſire to be Lord ouer caſtles, and to haue vaſſailes vnder him: hauing brought this alſo to paſſe, he aſpireth to be a Marqueſſe, next a Duk, then a King, farther, an Emperour; and in the end he would bee Lord of all the world: yet this would not ſatiſfie his greedy appetite: for he would (with Alexander the great) be Lord of al the worlds of Anaxagoras, in ſuch ſort, that he that poſſeſſeth moſt, is fartheſt from his end: for that greater riches engender greater deſires. This cruell and vnmeaſurable luſt of hauing, is ſo great, and vnſatiable.

I would gladly learne when it may bée saide, that a man hath sufficient; when it may bée saide, that hée is rich. Marcus Crassus was wont to say, that no man was rich, vnlesse with his yearely reuenewes hée could kéepe and maintaine an army. What fondnesse? what vnsatiablenesse is this? Truly Aglaius Profidius did not possesse so much, but had only one litle plot of ground, which he manured with his owne handes: neuertheless hée was iudged by the Oracle to bée most happy of all men. But shall I now declare vnto you how many men in extreame pouertie haue liued ioyfully and contentedly, being had in estimation, and honoured greatly? My web should bée ouerlong, if I should héere recount them all, but these shall suffise. Amongst the Grecians Aristides, Phocion, Epaminondus, Pelopidus ý Thebane, Lampsacus the Athenienſen, Socrates and Efialtus were most poore, yet were they all wise and iust men, and well estéemed in the world. Also of the Latines there are many notable examples: but this of Curius and Fabricius shall serue for all, of whome the one would rather commaund him that possessed golde, then possesse it himselfe: The other with a bolde courage refused many giftes that the Samnites did proffer him. But wherof sprange this temperaunce in them? Without doubt no other where, but that they had clypped the wings to the desire of superfluous things. Of a troth this distinction of the Philosophers is most true; that our appetite is of two sortes; the one measured, and hauing end; the other infinite, and without end. Al those that desire riches, onely for the loue that they beare vnto them, haue neuer any end in their desires: but like him that hath the dropsie, the more they possesse, ý more alwaies they couet: but they that temperately search after riches, not for méere loue they beare towardes them, but to employ them to some necessary and determinate vse, finde some end, and repose in their desires. For so much they ought and commonly doe desire, as is nédefull for that ende and vse, for which they did desire it.

But diuers entangle themselues, proposing hurtfull and vnprofitable endes, at the least wise vnnecessary. I therefore haue made choyce of one chiefly, being both pure and natural: which is ý conseruation of our selues, and those that are begotten of vs: all other endes are corrupt, full of pride and ambition, and vnnaturall. O that it pleased God, that men might desire riches to no other vse, but for that onely, which they indeed stand in nēed of. Doubtles, great rumours, many lamentations, infinite sorowes should bée quieted, which for the want of these enticing riches, are dayly made amongst men. But know yée wherefore hée is alwayes pensiue, why hee seemeth continually to bée pore, and what the cause is, that hée is neuer contented with his estate: shall I tell you the onely occasion hereof: it procédes of no other cause, but that hée alwayes lookes before him, fixing his eie on him that is more rich, and more mightie then himself, & either prickt forward by enuie, or drawne vnto it by couetousnesse, hée would not only reach and ariue vnto thesame, but also passe farther: and they neuer looke backe, or cast their eies on the pore, which are (as it were) behinde them, but rather hold them in a continuall contempt: and there are very few that can, or know how to moderate thēselues, from these vntemperate disorders. Of a treath there are many (yea very many) that bitterly complaine of pouertie: who, if the whole world were deuided into equall partes, would not haue so much vnto their shares, as they now possesse. I verily beléeue, that if all the men and women were placed on the one side, and all the riches of the world on the other, and that his part were equally deuided vnto euery one (as it is sayde Lycurgus did in Sparta) it should come to passe, that many that now cry out, of pouertie, should apparantly sée, that they were ouer rich, and had more then their parts. Amongst which number, I thinke my selfe should bée one, which now account my selfe to bée pore, and so peraduenture, would you also: so that if yée respect this honest and

meaſured end, it may bee that this your pouertie will not make you ſeeme to bee ſo poore, as yee eſteemed your ſelfe to be, nor bring you ſo great affliction, finding it farre leſſe then yee deemed it to bee. But you will ſay peraduenture (and I denie it not) that there are a great many rich, which ſeele pleaſure, contentment, and honour by them: whereas I by my pouertie receiue ſorowe, diſpleaſure, and ſhame. What complaintes are thoſe? Shouldeſt thou diſpayre, for not hauing that which other men enioy? Wherefore then doe theſe rich men (which bring you in this eſtate) diſpayre, ſeeing others aboue them to bee Dukes, Princes, Kinges and Emperours? Why doe not many, that delight in eating and drinking hange themſelues, for not being able to drinke ſo much as Trigungius did with the Romaines; or becauſe they cannot deuoure a whole table of meate, as Catellactus hath done in our time? and to bring a more true and liuely example, why are not all men afflicted, and as it were brought into diſpayre, becauſe they haue not ỳ ſtrength and force of a Lion; the ſight of an Eagle; the ſwiftnes of a Tyger; the ſenting of a Dogge; the length of the life of a Harte, and in the end, the flyeing of byrdes.

It is not needefull to looke to that which others haue, but to that which is conuenient for our eſtates and callings. And heerein (according to euery mans degree) to repoſe our chiefe contentment and felicitie. But perhappes, you will ſay that it is not requiſite to make ſuch an arithmeticall diuiſion of the goods of Fortune, but rather that it were more conuenient to make a Geometrical, not according to the number, but the deſart. It were well ſayde. But who ſhall iudge of this deſart?

This, doubtleſſe is the head fountaine and originall of all errours. Euery one doeth deeme, and iudge better of himſelfe then there is cauſe why.

Selfeloue doeth corrupt our iudgement, and ſeduce our ſenſes in ſuch ſort, with falſe imaginations that it preſenteth vnto vs, that in partiall eſteeming of our ſelues, euery one ſuffers himſelfe pleaſauntly to bee deceaued. Infinite

is

is the number of them, vnto whome it seemeth, that they haue deserued a great deale more then they haue: but there are very few of the other sorte, that thinke they haue a great deale more then they haue deserued: whereof grieuous perturbations, and continuall lamentations, for the want of riches and preferment, doe afterwards ensue. I knowe not then how in this generall discourse wee should consider of the desartes of euery one aright, through which, all things might bee brought into question and controuersie.

It is a great deale better to ponder by this Arithmetical diuision, that the greatest part of them, that complaine of pouertie, shall finde themselues deceaued, if the world were deuided into equall partes. But let vs passe on farther, if it please you; and let vs set downe, with what iust measure riches and pouertie ought to bee measured. Euery one doeth loue, honour, and reuerence riches, and couet after them. Euery one holdeth pouertie in contempt, despiseth her, and flyeth from her. Know ye wherfore? For that euery man onely respecteth the good, and commoditie of riches, neuer forecasting the euils and discommodities that they bring with them. Contrarily, euery one lookes vnto the euill, that is found to bee in pouertie, and there stayeth himselfe; but none respecteth or hath regarde to the good, and commoditie that commeth by her: so that it is not to bee wondered at, if (the eies being opened to the good that riches hath in them, and shut to the euill) so many doe prayse and desire them. Neither is it any meruaile likewise, if (opening them to the euill that pouertie hath in her, and shutting them to the good) euery one despiseth, and escheweth it. Know ye then wherof this procéedeth: surely of none other cause, but the first apparaunce. For that riches doeth present her selfe vnto vs, which a gladsome and chéerefull countenaunce, bringing with her a certaine counterfeit bewtie, that doth dasell our eies, and lime our senses and affections, with her enticement: in such sorte, that we are drawne, and as it were brought besids our selues, with these couloured enchãtments, beléeue that euery thing of her is pleasaunt, bewtifull and good:

And these shadowes, and faigned resemblances, wherewith shee is set out vnto vs, will not permit vs to penetrate into the naughtinesse, that shée conceales within her, nor suffer vs to sée the poyson that lyes hidden vnder her, through which that chaunceth oftentimes, which is spoken of the Syrmaides, that (alluring with their sweete, but decreaueable voyces) men sée not the great euill that lurketh vnder them, and is prepared for them. On the other side, pouertie presenteth her selfe vnto vs with a filthy and horrible countenaunce, in such sort, that none would euer surmise, that any good thing were contained within her; neuertheless, vnder ill fauoured counterfeites, most bewtifull figures, and wonderfull workes, both of arte and nature are oftentimes comprehended. But (as I sayd) these measures are not iust, neyther can the troth euer bée boulted out by them.

It is not sufficient of one thing to open onely the good, concealing the euill; and of another, to lay forth onely the euill, not reuealing the good: and troth cannot possible bée deserued from a doubtful matter, if a diuision of the good and the euill that resteth in eyther of them, bée not first made and sifted out, and the substaunce of the thing after considered of accordingly. It being a most true and vnfallible principle, that all things vnder the Sunne, are (I know not in what sorte) enterwired with good and euill, so that nothing is neither wholly good, nor wholly euill: and now it may well bée sayde, that riches bringes with her much euill; and pouertie containeth in her not a little good. Neyther is it conuenient that they, whose pouertie is great, should bée left without an aduocate, as wée often sée they are: but good & iust Princes should sée their right graunted them without any expence. Behold again ỹ riches puffe men vp w̃ a certain vaine kind of insolencie, and makes them become proud, and disdaineful, wheras powertie replenisheth them with humilitie, and makes them humble and curteous: we sée Pallantes the frée man of Clodius to bée out of measure rich,

rich: we sée him likewise to be passing proude, in such sorte, that in a long season, he would not vouchsafe to speake to any of his seruantes: we sée Fabritius to be most pore, we sée him therewith, very lowlie and pleasant. But one example may suffice for a thousand, for wee may daily reade, heare, and sée them. This first Dowry therefore is to be detested, that riches brings with her, in that it makes men proude and insolent; as that of pouerty is to be beloued, in that it makes men humble and curteous. Riches make not men onely to be puft vp with pride, but also drowneth them in diuers kinds of voluptuous naughtinesse, for it maketh them lasciuious, vaine, giuen to gluttonie, alwayes occupied in earthly delightes, and wallowing in worldly wantonnesse, and filth of the flesh: for that being possessors of great riches, they deem it a priuiledge, and reckon it in place of great gaine, that by the meanes of them they may feede their superfluous appetites and disordinate affections. Whereas the poore acknowledging his estate, for the most part liues sparingly & temperatelie, not so greatly corrupted, nor defiled with vaine & worldly allurements. That Plutarcke saide verie wel, tearming pouertie to be an abundant temperance, and a strict obseruance of the Lawes, in such sort that Arcesilaus was accustomed to say, that pouertie was sharpe after the manner of craggie Ithaca, but yet brought forth good sonnes, teaching them to abstaine and suffer, and making them frugal, concluding that it was a notable schoolehouse and open wrastling place for all vertue. What shal I say more? Riches make men become dispisers of God, at the least wise litle acknowledging his power, and bountie. For the rich man seing himselfe to abound in wealth, and encrease in substance, semeth in his owne conceite not to stand in need of any other assistance, wherefore he verie seldome hath recourse vnto God, and seldome prayeth vnto him, or is thankefull for his benefites: but as it were, dependeth of himselfe onely, swelling and wondering at his owne wisedome, and (as one might say) playing the Peacock in his felicity. Whereas the

poze man cõfessing his imbecillity, runneth vnto God foz re-
fuge; & acknowledging his bounty, cõmits himselfe wholy to
his custodie, lauding and praysing his name, and calling him
to his ayde and assistance. But riches doe not onely corrupt
the will; but together therewith, are a hinderance, and impe-
diment to the vnderstanding: foz these (foz the most part) ac-
counting it ynough to be rich, seldome oz neuer geue theyz
mindes, to good and laudable studies; oz noble and high con-
templations, eyther of philosophy, oz of any other science:
but rather addict theyz whole endeuours, eyther to some
vayn & frivolous pastimes, oz to the encrease of their riches.
Whereof it comes to passe, that the true and right end of sci-
ence is changed into a false, and counterfayte. For that the
right vse to learne science in deede, is, foz the moze, and better
perfecting and ennobling the mind of man: But the common
sozt, wzesh it cleane contrary, accounting the acquiring of
substance, to be the onely ende of the learning of Science.
Through which the rich man weaues the webbe of his owne
woe, saying in himselfe; what cause is there, that I shoulde
trauell my selfe in studie? if I be already rich, I am come to
the end; what neede is it then that I haue recourse, eyther to
the beginning oz midst. But the poze man, mooued eyther
with the right oz wzong way, with great desire and feruent
affection followeth his studie: Through which it hath beene
seene, and is seene daily that many poze men by learning,
attayne vnto great excellency, promotion, and preferment.
So that Taletus the noble Philosopher said very well; who
so affirmeth (quoth he) that pouerty withdzaweth a man frõ
Philosophy, & riches enflame him with the desire of it, is de-
ceaued greatly. O God, how many doe we see, hindzed rather
by abundance of substance, then by scarcity? is it not evident
that the poze (foz the most part) geue themselues to studie?
that the riche busied in other affaires, either cannot, oz will
not follow their learning? So much of Taletus. But let vs
procede farther. Who seeth not that the rich men with great
difficultie come to the knowledge of the troth? hauing al-

wayes

waytes about them a company of fayned friendes: & swarms of flatterers? Many examples might here be alleadged of rich men that haue bin abused by such dissemblers; whereas ỹ poore man is free from this plague: none going about to circumuẽt him by flattery, it being a thing most manifest, that they that professe to be his friends are true friends, it being farre from any suspition, that they should come to flatter him, or fayn to be his friends, to the end, to pluck his wealth & substãce from him, who standeth more in nẽd to be relæued himself, then to giue to others. What shal I here speak of the snares that are intended agaynst the rich: both towards their substance and persons? It were better for the beast called the Castor, that he had not those vertuous stones, when as for them he is so pursued of the hunters; it should be better also for men ỹ they had not these riches, whẽ as so many snares & deceits are laid by other men for the getting of them. But euen as the Castor (as some write of him) seeing the hunters pursue him, bytes of his stones, for the sauegard of the rest of his body: so should that rich man doe, which seeth himself besieged wt̃ snares, and counterwatches for his substance, & rather to chose to cast al away, then not to be assured of his life, & liberty. That dæde therfore of Crates the Philosopher was worth the noting: who seeing himself encombred, and his estate indangered, through a great quantity of iewels, & monie ỹ he had, threw all into the Sea: saying, I had rather drowne you, then ỹe shoulde cause me to perish or be destroyed. Great are the nũber of the rich men wch̃ are iniuried and pursued of the mighty, to the end to procure their substance from them. Wherefore was he that was banished at the instant request of Fuluia so hardly dealt with, but that Fuluia woulde haue had his faire house from him? The bookes of histories both old and new are replenished with examples of them, wch̃ makes me in opinion to be contrary to Anacarsus. Ye said, ỹ the lawes were like the spiders web, into wch̃ if any light or smal thing fell, it there remained, but being great, it passeth through, and brake it asunder. Contrariwise, I say that they are like vnto ỹ nets

of

of hunters, into the which if any little beast happen, he presently passeth through the meshes, the nets not beeyng made to that end: but if any good beast enter therein, as a hare, a goate, or a Deere, he sticketh fast, and is taken, being both good and profitable for the hunters. Uerily the couetous rich man liueth continually in great suspition & feare, least that his substance be taken from him, or that he be beguiled of it, or forced to depart with it against his will; so that euery shadow séemeth a Bugbeare vnto him; euery little stirring in the house disquieteth him: so that both at home in his chamber, and abroade in his iourney, he is neuer without suspition, not vnlike the man that is ielous of some woman whom he loueth. Whereas the poore man, not hauing his brest loaded with such feare, and féeling himselfe to bee light in his iourney, standes not in doubt to be robbed: As that common verse sayeth,

The man, that trauelling by the way
no wealth with him doth beare,
Amids the troopes of theeues may sing,
not hauing cause of feare.

AND doubtlesse if it be well considered of, the poore man hath but one care, which is, to procure a little sustenance wherewith to liue, but the rich man hath three thoughts and cares together. The one to conserue the riches that he hath: the other how to encrease them: the third how to dispose thé: through which it comes to passe, that the poore man is repleniished with greater hope then feare, and of the other part, the rich man is assailed more with feare, then hope. He alwaies hopeth to change his poore estate and miserable fortune into the better, beeyng already placed in the lowest degrée that Desilus sayde well.

The man that is moſt poore,
moſt happy is of all;
For that he neuer feares
in worſe eſtate to fall.

This alwayes doubteth leaſt that his ſweéte will bee tranſformed into ſower, through which it is euident, that the poore feéleth a greater tranquillity in his minde, being repleniſhed with hope, then doth the riche being ſurpriſed with feare. What farther? That pouerty bringeth forth more worthy effects then riches, not onely in it ſelfe, but in others alſo. For pouerty rayſeth pitie & compaſſion in others which are moſt beautifull vertues in mans minde, but riches inflame and ſtirre them vp to enuie, which is a moſt wicked vice. Wherefore if good effectes come of good cauſes, and naughtie of naughtie cauſes, it is verie likely that pouertie is more vertuous that ingendereth vertue, then are riches, that produce vices in others. What more ſhal I ſay, that riches procure delightes, delightes tendernes and delicaſie of the bodie, tendernes and delicaſie cauſeth weakenes and faintneſſe, through which it happeneth that rich men are leſſe able to tollerate trauel, heate and colde, and other humaine diſcommodities, then the poore are, who by a patience perforce, are taught to endure all labour and trauell, and euery little impreſſion of the ayre, neyther are brought down wō euery litle trifling diſeaſe, as the rich are. What farther? Riches ingender faintneſſe of courage, in the poſſeſſors of them, in that for feare of abandoning of them; they wil not aduenture to hazard them ſelues in any daunger, neither for their friendes, nor for their kinred, nor countrie, neither yet for themſelues, but are alwayes of a timerous and fearefull minde. But the poore man not drawne backe with the ieloſie of this worldly pelfe, ſheweth his valure boldely, and couragiouſly expoſeth himſelfe to perils and daungers for the loue of his freendes, & countrie. What beſides this? Abundant riches make men ſluggiſh, not ſuffering them to a-

wake to any good exercise; whereas pouerty seldom permits them to stand drowsie and idle, but awakens them to beautiful inuentions, and laudable trauels. But let vs consider one point that toucheth rich men to the quicke, but the poore nothing so muche. All men both by the law of God and nature, of necessity must once die. But he that abounds in riches, with what griefe and torment doeth he depart this life? hee would not leaue his fayre house, his gallant village, his costly apparrel; his braue horses, his bright siluer: his glittering gold, and other infinite commodities, and delights that he tasteth in this world: which seeing that he must néedes forgoe, he is out of measure vexed, and through inward griefe killes himselfe, before the houre of his death approch. But the poore man, who takes litle ioy in this world, makes no great reckoning to leaue it, not tasting that bitter sorow, with dying, which the rich men féele: hoping to inioy a better life in the world to come. The poore also in this world haue great consolation: and it is no smal comfort vnto them, to think that the rich (wil they, nil they) must die, and that they are forced (in spite of their téeth) to forgoe al their substance. Neither will we omit to say, that somtimes honest pouerty bringeth with it more liberty & contentment of life, then vnmeasurable riches: for that is franke and frée, & this is tyed and bounde, to respects, and suspitions. So that now we perceaue, that al is not pleasant, & delightful that is found in riches, nor al vnsauery, and bitter that is tried in pouerty, but in this, much of the swéete; and in the other not a litle of the sowre: in both séene, felt, and tasted. Now let vs procéed a litle farther. And (if yée thinke it good) let it be graunted, that pouerty is euill and contemptuous, and hath in it no consolatiõ (but truely it hath in it all these comforts, of which we haue before made mention, which béeing well tasted of the poore man, hée shall féele no litle contentment in his pouerty) let this be considered farther, that he is not onely poore: & that this euill is not taken from all others, and cast on him alone: but the

number

number of the poore are vnnumerable, when as of the riche there are very fewe: Through which, if to haue company in ones aduersity, make the euill to seme the lesse, howe light should the euil of pouerty be, the poore man hauing so great a number of other poore men to associate him? Let vs consider farther that pouertie doth not alwayes pinche, but onelie then, when he feeleth the want of some thing that he greatly needeth. It is not like a quotidian Agewe, which whiles it endureth, alwayes vexeth and tormenteth a man; but this yeldes the rest and repose, first whilest thou sleepest, thou hast no feeling of her: whereof this auncient Prouerbe tooke his original, That in one halfe of their life, there was no difference betwixt the happy, and vnfortunate.

Further, many houres of the day, a man thinkes not of it: but liues ioyfully, as if he were rich, and in good case. I haue seene many poore men, leade their lines so ioeundly, as did neuer king nor Emperour. On the other side, I haue knowne many rich men, haue their myndes alwayes troubled and disquieted, as if they were wrapped in extreeme want and misery: neuer to laugh, neuer to be gladsome, nor ioyful, wherby I haue noted, that the true tranquillity of the mynde springs not of thinges that are without vs, but of that delectable musicke, and well tempered harmonie, of the humayne affections that are within vs. Let vs farther consider howe that pouertie is a thing that may bee taken from vs in a day, in an howre, and as it were, in a moment. It is not as too bee blynde, lame, foolishe, or maymed, or a calamitie whereof no hope remayneth euer to bee cured; but pouerty may sodaynlie bee taken away: eyther by the beneuolence of thy prince, or some noble man, or by the meanes of some wealthie friende, who mooued by some fauourable motion, will aduaunce thee too riches.

Abdolomenus was moſt powre, Alexander the great had a deſire to make him king, and it was done preſently. Herevpon Menander ſayde well, that of all euils, pouerty was the lightest, for that any friend that wil aſſiſt thee, may vnlode thee of it. On the other ſide, riches are fraile, & fugitiue, when as a man in a moment may be bereft of all. (O God) howe many haue wee our ſelues ſeene, either by ſpoyling on the land, or by drowning theyr ſhippes on the Sea, or by confiſcation of their goods, or through the diſpleaſure of the Prince, of moſt rich, on the ſodayne to become moſt powre. Let vs farther conſider that the powre man is nearer the attayning of his ende, then is the rich: Forasmuch as hee doth not ordinarily deſire more then wherewith to ſupply his neceſſities, which (as hath been ſhewed before) are few, and may eaſily be remedied. But the rich man, ſwelling through the pride of his ſubſtance, hath his naturall, and reaſonable appetite corrupted, and deſires to encreaſe infinitely in his riches, whereby it may bee ſeene, that hee is farther from his ende, then the powre man. What more? That the rich man encreaſing in wealth, encreaſeth alſo in deſires, and by howe much his riches are the greater, ſo much the greater alſo are his needes. Whereof this ſentence was wiſely ſpoken, *Neceſſe eſt eum multis indigere, qui multa habeat*: He that hath many things, muſt of neceſſitie want many thinges. Let it be conſidered farther that man is borne naked, and hath that which he poſſeſſeth of the meere grace of God, in ſuch ſort, that if he will rightly eſteeme euery thing: he ought not to be penſiue and ſorowfull for that hee hath not, but ought rather to render immortall thankes vnto GOD, for that which hee hath. Finally, let this bee wayde, that if pouerty bee euill, it is very ſhorte, let it endure as long as it can; for all the time wee haue to liue heere, beeing compared with the infinite eternity that endureth euerlaſtingly, is but as it were the twinckling of an eye.

But I greatly maruell, that man, knowyng how hee

must

muſt die, and ſomtimes thinking thereof, doth not take comfort of his pouertie, and (as it were) of euery other euill that hée ſuffereth: For that, either hée beléeues that our ſoule is immortall (as wée ought true and reſolutely to beléeue) or thinkes (as ſome naughtie and peruerſe people doe) that ſhée ſhall die together with the body. If hée déeme it to bée immortall, and ſées infinite rewardes in an other world, ſette downe for the good, and euerlaſting tormentes for the wicked, who is hée (as one might ſay) that would not little ſet by all the euill and good of this world, to gaine the felicitie of the other. But if hée now thinke the ſoule to bée mortall, how can pouertie afflict him, if hée conſider of the entire deſtruction of himſelfe? But if hée reſolue of neither of theſe, it is an euil of al others moſt to bée deteſted. Hyppocrates in his diuine Oracles, ſayeth, that when two euils afflict one place, of which the one is great, and the other very little, the leſſer is not felt. If then pouertie, in comparíſon of the entire deſtruction of himſelfe bée a light euill: how ſhould it ſo pinch and torment them? But as it is moſt requiſite, let vs bée Chriſtians, and affirme not onely the immortalitie of the ſoule, but vnfaignedly beléeue the infallible lawe of Jeſus Chriſt, reuealed vnto vs by the light of his grace, taught vs by the diuine ſcriptures, confirmed by the teſtimonie of ſo many Martyrs, ſhewed by ſo many lightes of diuine vnderſtandinges, approued by the vniuerſall lawe of God, by which wée are guided through this ſea of fayth. Let vs I ſay, bée Chriſtians, and then wée ought not to account pouertie to bée euill, but déeme it rather to bée a true imitation of Chriſt, who whiles hée remained in this world, liued alwayes poorely, and meékely. But beſides this imitation, the commaundements that the eternall veritie hath left vs, to doe in many places, teache it vs, which if I ſhoulde héere ſette it downe at large, I greatly feare, that in ſtéede of a comforting friend, yée would thinke mée to bée a tedious preacher. I will only rehearſe vnto you his wonderfull and diuine philoſophy, when as hée ſayeth; I ſay vnto you, Be yée not careful what to eate, nor wherwith

to cloath your selues. Is not the soule of more vale w then meate? and the body, then rayment? Beholde the litle fowles of the ayre, who sow not, neither reape, nor gather into their barnes, and yet our heauenly father fœdeth them al. Are not you of more account then they? which of you is there, that with al your thought can ad one cubyt to your stature? Why are you so carefull for apparell? consider the Lyllies of the fielde in what sorte they grow, they worke not, they spinne not, and yet I say vnto you, that Solomon in all his royaltie was not cloathed like vnto one of these. And if God cloath the grasse of the field, which to day is sœne, and too morrow is throwne into the furnace, how much rather will hée cloath you, O yée of litle fayth? wherfore bée not troubled in your selues, saying, What shal wée eat, or, what shal we drinke, and wherwith shall wée bée cloathed? These thoughtes are of the heathen, and not of Christians. Your heauenly father knoweth well, what yée nœde. Sœke first the kingdome of God, and his righteousnes, and all other things that yée stand in nœde of shal bée giuen vnto you. Bée yée not carefull what to eate to morow: but let to morow care for it selfe. Sufficient is vnto the day, the trauayle thereof. O most diuine Philosophy, which, if it were well tasted of men, and not lightly passed ouer, no man would euer bée grieued or afflicted with pouertie. But wée, (for the most part) haue not any feruent desire to enter to the quick, in the searching out the troth of thinges, through which it comes to passe, that wée seldome, or neuer vnderstand aright. It is not nœdefull to lay vp treasure hére on earth, where rust and moathes doe consume; but in heauen, where neither rust nor moathes do consume, nor théeues breake in & steale. And if wée consider farther, how hard it is for a rich man to enter into the kingdome of heauen, there is none of so little vnderstanding, but wil despise and abhor riches: not, but that rich men may be saued: but for that ỹ most part of them haue their mindes so encumbred with riches, ỹ it is very hard for

them

them to attaine saluation: & therefore Christ said, it is lesse easie for a rich man to enter into the kingdome of heauen, thē for a Camel to passe thorow the eie of a needle. For hee whose affection is greedily set on riches, seldome thinkes reuerently of God, but so fixeth his desire on earthly things, ỳ he makes himselfe vnworthy of the glory of heauen, preferring mundane vanitie, before Gods veritie. Whereas Christ teaching christian perfection, saieth otherwise, to the Hebrew young man: Goe, and sell that which thou hast, and giue it to the poore, & after follow mée. Truely pouertie is a dowrie most conuenient for a Christian: Therfore, when yee know your selues to bee poore, bée yée not comfortlesse: but rather thinke that yée are the more in Gods fauour, who in al his sayings, and doungs, recommended the poore, praysed them, called them blessed, and receiued them into his protection, being déere and beloued of him: so that it is a most goodly thing to liue poorely, in this short and transitorie life, to become most rich in the life to come, which shalbe permanēt & euerlasting: to set at naught the false and deceaueable Iewels of this world; to gaine most plentifull and abundant treasure in paradise. O most worthy marchandise! O most plentiful gaine! which neither théeues can rob thée of; nor seruaunt beguile thée; nor debter deceaue thée: but will fill and replenish thée with farre greater, and better fruite, then by the tongue of man may bee expressed. What shal I say farther? that those thinges are few, and very easie to bee procured, with which our humane nature is suffised: but many and infinite, which our appetite desireth.

And that the grace of God is neuer wanting vnto those, who filled with a feruent spirite, refraine their earthly affections, and restraine them within the limites of Christian temperaunce. Wherof Saint Paule writing vnto Timothy most diuinly said, It is a great gain of godlines, to be cōtented with ỳ which is sufficient. We brought nothing into this world, & it is manifest, that we shal carie nothing hence

with

with vs. But hauing conuenient foode and apparell, let vs content our selues therwith: for they that would become rich, fall into the snares, and temptations of the deuil, and into sundry hurtfull and vnprofitable desires, which drowne thē in ruine & perditiō: for that couetousnes is ỳ roote of al euill: which diuers falling into, stray from the true fayth, and are encombred with many cares and sorowes. O wordes worthy to pearce into the liuely heartes of men, and so there to bee grounded and grauen, that with no earthly force, they might euer bee raled out.

The diuine wordes of Paule being throughly considered of, there is no cause wherefore poore men should bee pensiue or sorowfull. But wherefore wade I farther in the comforting of them; when as it is impossible for mée to say so much, but that much more will remaine vnspoken? And I am assured, I haue scarsly launched out from the shore, and am far from being halfe entred from this most profound, and large sea. And yet, herewith I know assuredly, that the least part of that, which hath beene sayd, is sufficient for the quieting and cōforting of any mind, that is not become eyther beastly, or furious with the prickings, or pinchings that pouertie may bring vnto him: so that, if those thinges, which I haue sayde, and many other that I could alledge, doe not moderate and pacifie him, beleeue mée, pouertie is not the cause héereof: but this distemperate, and ill composed mind, which also would haue molested him, if hée had beene rich. For hée would haue found out some other arrow, or sworde wherewith to haue thorowe pearced his heart. You then, who haue your minde stored with so many good lessons of Philosophy, comfort your selfe, and take all thinges that God sendes, in good part; hope in him, who neuer fayleth nor deceaueth them, that put their trust in him. Hée will open you the way, and minister the meane, whereby to cure these woundes of pouerrie; at the least hée will teach you, how to beare them with patience: and peraduenture also

will

will giue you manifestly to vnderstand that it is for your health and consolation. Comfort your selfe, in that although yée want riches, yet want yée not ỹ true knowledge, & bewtie of wit & vnderstanding, and vertues of the mind, which things are more appertinent and proper vnto you, then are riches; which are placed among the externall things, and are no part of you; and so much the more comfort your self, by how much the giftes of your mind cannot bée taken from you, neither by men, nor fortune; but of your riches and worldly substaunce, théeues may spoyle you in a moment. Comfort your selfe, in ỹ yée haue many good friendes, which loue you entyrely, who will neuer endure to sée you long in poore estate. But rather after the maner of true and stedfast friendes, will account your pouertie to bée their owne, and with some part of their substance, will take it from you: comfort your self, with your bookes, which yée were alwaies accustomed to hold in great estimation; they will féede and nourish your vnderstanding, and with singular declectation, alwayes recreate your senses: they will pacifie euery stormie and troublesome tempest; and both by night and by day; within doores, and without; in good fortune and bad, will remaine your most faythfull friendes, and comfortable companions.

Finally, comfort your selfe, in that, if pouertie bée euill, yet haue yée not this euill by your owne offence, or procuremen, not by dicing and carding, nor by haunting the tauern; not by playing the harlot, nor by any other sort of lewde lyfe, or naughtie behauiour: but in euery action your vsage hath béene honest, and temperate; your minde being no lesse adorned with lawdable customes, and conditions, then learning. Yée are then fallen into this necessitie, by the offence of Fortune, who (as it is not vnknowne to the most part of Rome) being enuious at the good course that yée haue taken, hath many yeares sithence wounded your body, and brought you into a miserable & daungerous estat, oftentimes euen to

death; hath also letled & letted you back, from all good enterprises & operatiõs both of body & mind; & in this her rage hath caused you to make far greater expence, then your abilitie will reach vnto; in such sort, that yée are now brought into that miserable estate, in which yée now are, onely by her sinister procurement: so that if with her great outrage, there were not ioyned an arrogant impudencie, shée would not for very shame of her selfe bée seene any more in the world. But besides these consolations, let reason & necessitie moue you; ye afflict your selfe; what doth this affliction auaile you? is your pouertie taken away by making of so great sorowe as yée do? if it were so, it were a very good remedie. But, alas, shée is not yet departed, but remaines as at the first, or rather greater; and this vncessant sorowing doth not onely profit, but rather endomage you greatly. Adding to the first euil, the most grieuous euill of affliction; whereof Plato in his bookes of a Common wealth, said most diuinely, That it was the best thing that could bée in calamitie, to take it so paciently & to be contented therwith as wée possibly can: in y first it is vncertain, whether the thing, for which we lament, be good or euill. Farther, the being sorowfull, doth not in any thing remedie that which is happened: besides that, no humaine thing should bée of such estimation, that it should moue a man to dwell in anguish for it.

What more? that griefe and sorow are a hinderaunce to those remedies which might spédily haue béene taken. Most true and worthy are those reasons of Plato, which if they were well waied, and duely considered of, who is there that euer would afflict himselfe for any worldly calamite? Truely such sorowing is forbidden to all: but to the learned and vertuous, much more: whereof Fauorinus saide most wisely, that a man of bold courage, trained vp in the golden precepts of true Philosophy, should haue tranquillitie of minde, shut vp and setled in his brest, before any ill hap light vpon him: which is no more to say, but y a wise man shold haue a strong armour in a readines, wherewith to defend himselfe against

euery

euery ſtroke and aſſault of fortune. But what meane I to go forwardes to ſpeake vainely as a Philoſopher, hauing already reaſoned with you as a Chriſtian? The largnes of the matter doth cary mée away; and the great affection that I beare you, doeth prick mée forward, neither can I well ſet downe, which of theſe two are greater. Therfore, vnleſſe I would alwayes ſpeake, it is nœdeful that I make an ende of ſpeaking. It was an eaſie thing, to enter into the déepe ſea of this argument, but vneaſie to get forth. Wherfore I muſt doe héere, as Alexander the great did by Gordianus his knot, who being vnable to vndoe it, did cut it in ſunder with his ſword. Now although pouertie haue not all that dowries of mée, which God and Nature hath endewed her with: yet haue I beſtowed ſo many on her, that ſhe may euery way go richely to her husband. Ye ought not to feare of being any more poore, ſhée bringing ſo wealthy a dowrie to your houſe: neither néede yée to ſtand in doubt of hauing many riualles, to contend for her, as Eurimacus, & Antinous, with other woers did for Penelope, for that pouertie (as Xenophon in the perſon of Socrates ſaies very well) amongſt other her vertues, hath this priuiledge: that ſhée prouoketh not men, to brawle and fight, and to deceaue and ſéeke one an others death for the hauing of her, as it often commeth to paſſe, for the attaining of riches, honour or kingdomes: for although ſhée be not lockt vp, nor garded, ſhée conſerues and kéepes her ſelfe, and that which is moſt to be eſtéemed, ſhée is ſo modeſt and chaſt, that none in ths houſe where ſhée dwelleth, will bée ielous of her. Sée then whether ſhée bée honeſt, or deſerue to bée had in reputation, or no.

But know yée not why ſhée remaies without a husband? It is not for want of any gwdneſſe, or bewtie, being endued plentifully with eyther of them: But becauſe euery one doth ſtaine and defile her; euery one holdes her in contempt, filling her with filthineſſe, and moſt ſpitefull pollutinges, in ſuch ſorte, that her true and natiue bewtie cannot bée ſéene.

But if any man would louingly bring her to his houſe, and purifie and waſh her, adorning her with her true and proper ornamentes, no doubt ſhée would appeare moſt gallant and bewtifull: and it will then euidently bée ſéene, how vile and contemptible riches are in comparíſon of her. Behold almoſt, I cannot ende, and yet I will end. Fare yée well: and repoſe your confidence in God, who is the true and bountifull diſpenſer of all good thinges.

## *An anſwere of Maiſter Clodius Ptholomœus, to a Letter ſente him by a friende, that meruelled wherefore hee hauing ſuch learning, remayned in ſo meane and baſe an eſtate of calling.*

IN the laſt Letter that I receiued from you, great was the woonder and complaint that yée brought in againſt mée, which conſidering that it ſpringeth altogether of the ouer great affection that yée beare towards mée, I neither maruell at it, nor am ſory for it.

This auoucheth that to bée true, which is ſpoken by Plato, That the louer is often blinded in the thing beloued: I accounte my ſelfe déepely indebted to your curteſie, for this your affection: but therwithall I wiſh your iudgement to bée ſomwhat more temperate: for I would not that contrary effects ſhould méete in mée at one inſtant, féeling pleaſure of the loue ý yée beare mée, & diſpleaſure of your iudgement. I pray you therefore better to conſider of this poynte following, and after pronounce ſuch iudgement of mee, as yée ſhall thinke requiſite.

That

That as an auncient cauiller did appeale from Cæsar beeyng moued and angry, to Cæsar being not moued nor angry; so I at this present appeale from you beyng carried away with ouer great affection, to your self hauing Reason for your gouernelle. Yée doe not a litle maruel that I, in so long a time haue not lept to any degrée of honour or fortune. It seeming vnto you that my linage, my countrey, my age, my studies, my customes, my long aboade in the court, my fauour acquired with men of high calling, and finally, my present noble and honorable seruice, should haue aduanced me; yea and farther that many other are dayly to bee seene in the court, endued with qualities farre inferiour to mine, to leape sodainly to degrées of preferment; and that I was accurst, and that it was a shame for me, to remayne thus alwayes in base fortune, and priuat condition. And in the ende (as a disdaynful friend) yée conclude, that this cannot come to passe, but of an extréeme soft spritednelle in me, in that I helpe not forward my fortune as I shoulde, putting me in mynde of that auncient sentence of the Spartans, that in calling for ayde of God, it is necessary that we set to our owne helping hands, as the instruments of God. Truely I know not with what beginning it were best to answeare this your long maruell, and tedious complaynt. And beeyng desirous to doe you a pleasur, eit came in my mynde once, to graunt you that which you affirme to be true; thinking at one instaunt, to ease my selfe of labour in answearing, and you of annoy, in reading this my troublesome reply. But I should erre in performing the duety that is conuenient to a true friend, if eyther to flatter you, or to auoyde labour; I should not apparantly tel you that which I thinke.

First, I know not whether this greatnelle of fortune ý yée wish me, be a thing that bringeth felicity to a man yea or no, or whether it take it from him. For ý as the most wise & ancient sages haue set down vntovs) there is no man that perfectly knowes what is good or euil vnto him in this world. Wherupon Socrates would not that any particular thing

shoulde be craued at Gods handes, but that onely, which is good. And when I looke well about me, I finde not in them that are aduanced to high degrees, any tranquilitie of mind, but rather as their dignitie, and greatnes augmenteth, so increase they likewise in greater perturbations and frettings of the minde. For it seldome or neuer comes to passe otherwise, but that with the abundance of the giftes of fortune, ambition, and greater desire of honor and riches encrease. Through which the oracle did not iudge any king to be happy, although he were most rich, and mighty, but rather Aglaius Psofidius, who manuring a litle peece of grounde that he had, & taking care of nothing, with great ioy and contentment, liued a most happie and fortunate life. Those that persist infinitely in the desire of riches, may bee compared vnto them which in old time ran to a mighty great mountayne, with dogs, nets, and other engins with purpose to haue taken the moone, which they verily thought to haue done; but they that first (with great trauel and labour) arriued to the top of this huge hill, found themselues so farre distant, and no lesse out of hope, then those wō were climed vp but to ẏ side of it, or those others, who remoued not from the vally. Tranquilitie doth not spring of those thinges that are without vs, but of the harmony of a temperate mind within, which doth truely create felicity in vs, and is the cause thereof. For euen as some great piller placed in the bottom of a déepe wel, is neuertheleſſe great; and a Dwarfe placed on the toppe of some steeple, is alwaies litle: so the frée and noble mind wrapped in baleſt fortune, wil shew his magnanimity, & the base mind in the higheſt degrée of dignity wil discouer his vility. I speake not this now as concerning Christian perfection, for ye know that making mention hereof, it shal not be néedfull to enter into queſtion; when as neither riches, nor honor bring happines vnto men, but rather ẏ one & the other are oftentimes the occasions of bringing them into extréeme misery, & cause the gate of heauen to be shut vp agaynſt them. For the true & onely felicity of a Christian, is the grace of God, &

no other thing. I speak then as a gentleman gouerned by humane reason and ciuil orders, liuing betwixt the law of men and nature. He verily, which sees not how that honour & riches depriue men of felicity, it is manifest and apparant, that he hath his eyes blinded & darkened with the smoke of ambition and cloudes of couetousnesse, which are the two beasts, compared by the Poet Dante, to a Lion, and a shee woolfe, which let & hinder vs from leaping to the mount of felicity. I deny not, but that riches & dignity may helpe towards the contentment of the minde. In this point I will bee a Peripatetike, and purpose not to defend as a Stoike, that onelie vertue sufficeth. Let it be so, that riches & dignity are requisite towards the accõplishment of felicity: should it thẽ haue no end? Behold Abdolomenus borne of the stocke royall liued in passing tranquility, in a litle farme, tilled, and sowed with his owne hands, in such sort that he neuer heard of the bruit and rumors of the armie of Alexander the great, which had driuen all Asia into a maze and astonishment. He tasted farre greater felicity in this his poore calling, then when afterwardes by Ephestion he was aduanced to the title of the kingdome. Of whom being demanded how he coulde with pacience brooke that poore and abiect estate, with a hawty & corragious mind, answered him, saying: O that I knew so wel (if it pleased God) how to support the troubles, & weighties of the kingdome. Diocletian a most prudent and puisant Emperor, hauing wayed and considered of the annoyes, and encombrances that bearing rule, brought with it, returning to a priuate life, gaue it ouer; and at Salon a manour of his, he planted herbes & trees with his owne hands, neyther could he euer be allured by any persuasion, nor remoued by any occasiõ, frõ this his fixed & determinat resolutiõ, preferring ỹ quiet trãquility of this priuat life, before ỹ troublesome turmoyles of principalities, & Empires. The like wee reade of ỹ emperor Adriã, a most puisant captayne, who by great trauel & intercessiõ, obtayned licence in the ende of his dayes, to dwel in a litle village of his, where he liued 7. yeers

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in great ease and quiet. Who dying, left an apparant testimonie, that the life led in honour and dignity, was not the true life. For he caused these woordes to bee graued on his toombe: Heere lies the wight whose age is of many yeeres, but he liued but onely seuen. I coulde heere bring to your memorie, with how many hatred and entmities the worldly promotions are inuironed, so that nothing is sure in them, nothing without suspect, in such sort that the Poet Pindarus said that the Gods with one good had alwayes entermired two euilles. And I dare boldely aduouch that in these smokes, and vaine pompes, for euery one contentment, yée are attached with ten displeasures. But yée know wel that this place being of the philosophers most largely intreated of, is of many men not vnderstoode, of othersome despised, of very fewe beleeued, and almost of none followed. But for the better manifesting of both our intents) I wil come nearer vnto you. Be it so that riches and honour are full of these felicities, that are commonly beleeued to bee in them, by them that praise them, and holde them in reuerent admiration. What of this? is it of necessitie that it must be good for others also? The natures, instincts, desires, and motions are not equall and alike in all men: either by the influrion of the starres, or the varietie of temperaments, or diuersitie of educations, many thinges delight and recreate some one minde, which worke contraris effectes in another: And for those thinges that Hirachtus wept bitterlie, Democrates laughed ioyfully. Then is it not greatly to be wondred at, if those thinges which are comfortable, and nutritiue vnto other mens mindes, seeme noysome and bitter vnto me: How many are there that abhorre wine, a most healthful and precious liquor? and how many are there that cannot sauour roses, being flowers most delectable? Ought these therefore to be reprowued, and made to drinke wine, and smel roses by force? And why may I not say ỹ vnto you by the law of nature, which Alexander the great did to Parmenio by reason of his fortune? Who propounding a condition of peace

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vnto Darius, and proffering him a part of his kingdome, demaunded Parmenio his aduice and iudgement heerein. Who answered, saying, if I were Alexander, I woulde doe it. So woulde I, answered Alexander, if I were Parmenio. So whereas in your letter yee say, if that you were my selfe, you woulde doe it, and say it: I likewise reply and answere you that I shoulde peraduenture both say it, and doe it, if I were you. But as Alexander esteemed it a discredit to his fortune to consent to such a peace; so I account it inconuenient for my disposition, and nature, to enter, and encomber my selfe with that care and bondage, which yee depaint out vnto me, whiles ye allure me thervnto with the enticing baites of honour and riches: yet I would ye should vnderstande, that I haue not a minde so backewarde and dull, but that I take comfort of those things, that other men commõly delight in. Let it be graunted, that it is good for me to be aduaunced to riches and dignitie: doeth it follow that I should be despised or blamed, or dispaire, and thinke the worse of my selfe, if I reach not to that preferment, which might bee desired, or hoped for? What woonderings? what complaints are these of yours? as though yée were ignorant, that many thinges are desired, that are not obtayned; much hoped for, that is not inioyed; manie more run, then get the goale: and finally farre greater are the number of them that shot at a mark, then those which strike it: May not all this happen of the malignity of my fortune, which wil not permit or suffer me, to be lifted vp from the ground or aduanced: if it be so, is ỹ fault mine: Of a truth diuers Astrologers, by the view of the day of my natiuity, haue found out by theyr rules and obseruances that most vnlucky condition, vnto which I am predestinate, ỹ is to say, cõtinual feeblenes & baseness of fortune; And although I am Didimus in ỹ they say, & am heretike in theyr science (as I haue often told you here in Rome) neuertheles, in this vnlucky forewarning I haue ouer wel knowen, and found by experience, ỹ they haue told me the troth. Yet wil I not lay the blame hereof vpon fortune, as on a dumbe image

that cãnot anſwere to the accuſations that are brought in a-gainſt her, let it be graunted that the chiefeſt parte of hu-maine proceedinges, are directed by mans wiſedome, and let him be (as the wiſeman affirmeth) the framer of his own fortune. What ſhoulde I then doe? with what inſtruments (I pray you) woulde you haue me to frame and faſhion this my good happe? with remaining long in Rome, and looking for occaſions? it is now twentie and fiue yeeres ſithence I came firſt into this court, and I thinke that in this long ſea-ſon, I was neuer three miles diſtant, and yet neither haue I any good or fortunate ſucceſſe by my ſeruice, neither ſtande in hope of anie. Yet haue I been a continuall waiter, & was neuer almoſt at libertie, wherof it greatly repenteth me: not for that the ſeruice of noble men little liked me: but rather be-cauſe ỳ iniquitie of fortune hath (by my lõg courting) brought me into ſuch a miſerable ſeruitude and ſlauerie, that no good reſolution of mind can enter into me. I haue heertofore done too much, but I tel you that hereafter, neither will I, nor can I, neither is it conuenient that I doe it, this is a practiſe for yong men, & not of old men, amongſt which number I nowe reckon my ſelfe. Young men abound in leaſure, and trauell ſeemeth not tedious vnto them, which wanteth in old men, vnto whom euerie little diſcontentment is a torment. And as gracious and ſeemely as it is to ſée a yong man attendant on ſome noble man: ſo vnſeemely & ridiculous is it, to ſée an olde man.

Truely the lõg loſſe of time that is ſpent in courting, is to me verie noyſõ: and chiefly in that I ſtand there, as an image or paynted table. And rather would I employ it eyther in reaſo-ning, wᵗ my friẽds or in learning, amõgſt my bookes; or in plea-ſuring or profiting others, by my ſtudies; & this is a laudable meanes, wherby to mount to thoſe degrées of dignitie that ye propound vnto me. But alas, if ỳ nature hath geuen me ſmal wit, not ouer grea t memory, weake iudgement (& ỳ which more grœueth me) vnhealthfulnes of ſtomake; ſorenes of eies & euery other part of my body il affected, what can I doe here

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in: it might hereunto be added, that at this preſent I am toſſed with ſundry miſhaps, that they neuer permit me quietly to encline my mind to ſtudy. Wherof ẏ deſire onely is left me, my forces being inſufficient any longer to vndertake any ſuch trauell. Wherfore if I doe not and cannot ariue vnto this prayſe, let the torment and anoy (I pray you) that I taſt and ſuffer in being depriued of that ſwéte conſolation, which ſtudie bringes with it, ſuffice, without adding neiwe griefes vnto me, of the priuation of my deſarts; what I knew to doe, I haue done, no more coulde I doe.

And I aſſure my ſelfe, that although for learning I can challenge no commendation, yet am I not vnworthy of ſome excuſe, in that I haue alwayes taken a ſingular delight, to ſée theſe thinges in other, ẏ I find wanting in my ſelfe; I haue loued, reuerenced, and as it were, adored them. Neither did I euer account any more worthy of the titles of honour and dignity, then thoſe which haue lifted vp their vnderſtandings to beautifull contemplations, through which theyr mindes are repleniſhed with vertuous wiſedome. And I haue put ſuch betwirt theſe men and others, as is betwirt the liuing, and thinges paynted.

But you wil peraduẽture, demãd me whether I meane it of thoſe that are vertuous indéede, or of ſuch as counterfaite a certayne outward hypocriticall ſhewe of vertue: doe not ſo much as ſurmiſe it, I beſéech you, that I ſpeake it of the fayned. For my nature doeth deteſt nothing more then counterfayte vertue, and rather would I make choyce tõ die, then deceaue the world, in enforcing my ſelfe to be holden for deuoute, when as I am neyther good, nor godly. And I beléeue for troth, that there are no men in this world more pernicious, nor greater enemies to our ſauiour Chriſt, then are ſuch hipocrites.

But as touching true boũty indéed, I tel you for certaine, ẏ I think nothing more pertinẽt vnto a mã thẽ it, & ſo far forth I déeme it proper vnto him, that a man leauing it, & geuing

himselfe ouer to wickednes, is no more to be counted a man, but that rather vnder his humane shape, hee carrieth the minde of a bruite beast. Nowe it seemeth not vnto me that bounty should be vsed for the hope of reward, but rather for the band of humanity, and loue and desire to doe well. And it shineth so much the brighter in any man, by how much he is not led astray by any other ende, then goodnesse it selfe. Of which if any sparkle be in me, eyther by nature, or election, it is not to be maruelled at if it want the reward yee look for; in that first, I know very well, that not onely by the vniuersal humaine debility, but by that which is proper and peculiar to my selfe, I finde it so slender in me, that of it selfe, it geueth no light at all; Farther, I neuer directed it to the end to receiue guerdon by it, being an exercise (in my opinion) farre different from the neate and pure condition of being good. I tel you truely that I haue and doe receaue a farre greater reward then that yée desire in me. For that litle which I féele in my selfe, makes me taste, how much the life of the good, is more blessed then that of the wicked: How this abounds in sweetnesse, tranquillity and consolation; how that is ỹ spring and fountaine of al feares, hatreds, debates, vexations & trauels. In such sort that when a man wil not, for Gods sake do the déedes of an honest man, & good Christian; yet me thinks at the leastwise he should doe it for the quiet & comfort that is tasted thereby in this worlde. But you will tell mee that rewardes ensue vertue, as the shadowe followeth the bodie.

Nowe, as the body béeyng not made too the ende to bring forth the shadowe, neuertheless bringeth it foorth: so vertue is the cause that reward is obtayned, although it be not sought for, or vsed to that end.

You would haue mée confesse it, & I grant it also, that I am not arriued, through ỹ mortification of my body, & quickning of ỹ spirit, to that high degrée and spirituall vnion, with which the olde diuine fathers, conioyned themselues to God; neyther

neither am I yet come to that christian perfection, which was required in the Hebrewe youngman. I haue not solde that little which I haue, and giuen it to the poore: neither haue I denied my selfe, nor taken Christ his crosse on my shoulders, and followed him. What more? that in slacke obseruing of the commaundements of Gods lawe, I neither merit, nor haue deserued the title of a perfect Christian; for that many occurrences haue happened, which haue caused mée to wander wide from these diuine obseruations.

What farther? that (setting christianitie aparte) I am not (as a morall Philosoper) arriued to that excellencie of manners, which are fitting and conuenient for a purifyed minde, as in times past was knowne to bée in Aristides, in Socrates, in Phocion, and diuers others, with most apparant examples of iustice, temperance, and fortitude, and other rāre and diuine vertues. But rather my doubt is, that (as a man that is not gouerned by any learning, but lyueth onely by the instinct of nature) I want greatly that, which is requisite for that estate: through which I know not how to chalenge vnto my self these prayses, which my conscience telles mée I am vnworthy of. And finally, as of no part I déeme my selfe praiseworthy: so, if there bée any thing in mée, that doth not altogether deserue praise, it is this: that I haue had a care in what I might, not to iniurie others: then I haue done mine endeuour (when occasion hath bene offred mée) to pleasure and gratifie as many as I might, being induced thereunto by Nature, perswaded by precepts of good writers, and confirmed therein by iudgement, which hath imprinted a setled resolution in my minde: and this I account to bée the chiefe fountaine, from which al other vertues (that maintaine humaine societie amongst vs) first flow and procéede.

Now, if those vertues that are requisite to the aduaunсing of mée to the degrées of riches and honour, be not in me: wil ye meruaile if I be not aduaunced? And if there be any such

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in me, wherfore doe yée reprehend me? ought I, in not deseruing those degrées, to haue them; and deseruing them, to bée reprehended for not hauing them? If I deserue them not, for Gods sake let mée liue with so many others my equalls, subiect to the like fortune, and adde not the sinne of arrogancie, to the want of desart. For it is a foolish and presumptuous part for a man to aspyre to those degrées, of which hée knowes him selfe vnworthy. But if it seeme vnto you ỳ I haue deserued thē, it had bene your part rather to cōfort mée, thē reprehend me, & ye might haue said, ỳ oftētimes my betters haue bæne depriued of the fruites of their desart and prayse that they haue merited, and that it is much better to deserue an honour, then to haue it. For honour may bée receaued by the will of him that giues it, vertue not being the guide of it: But no man can deserue it, but ỳ vertue must first make a way to the desart. Hærevnto the example of Cato myght bée added, who would rather that it should bée demaunded, wherefore Images were not set vp to Cato, then why they were set vp.

And if now it seeme straunge vnto you, that more then two hundred are gone beyonde mée, in preferment; yée ought in the best part to enterprete such accidentes, and hærein imitate the example of Pedaretus, a valiant man with the Spartans, who amongst thrée hundred that bare office in their Citie,, not being elected for one, ioyed greatly: who being demaunded (of his friende Ephorus) the cause of his gladnesse, pleasauntly aunswered; what should I doe, but bée ioyfull, seeing that there áre thrée hundred men in our Citie, better then my selfe? so shoulde you reioyce of Rome in hauing so many good men that excell mée. And ye ought to wish, that not onely two hundred, but fiue hundred, a thousand; yea thrée thousand men should passe mée in vertue, and wisedome, and by consequence, in fortune and honour: through which I déeme it would come to passe, that this our Realme should bée much more flourishing and honourable, then now it is.

I doe not seeme to my selfe to bee such a one, as should deserue those dignities that yee wilbe mee: but bee it that I had many of these partes, which you cal desart in mee, nevertheless neither coulde I, nor shoulde I haue any of these honours but by fauour: in that I stande assured that the fountaine from whence these preferments flowe, is beyonde and aboue all our merites and desartes. But in the ende, I knowe you wil say, that beeing often conuersant with them, in requesting, and beeing importunate, I might haue obteined riches, and dignitie, and that this is the meanes that hath holpen, and doeth helpe a number dayly; and that it is the very same whereof mention is made by Christe in his Gospel, when hee saith, Aske, and it shalbee giuen you; knocke, and it shalbe opened. What shal I answere heereunto: but that not deseruing it, it seemeth an vnadvised part of mee to craue reward; & deseruing it, mee thinks it should come without asking. As I haue saide, so will I say, that I knowe not whether I haue deserued it or no.

Now, if there bee any that thinkes mee worthy of any thing, let him request it for mee: but not by my commaundement. For if I knew that I deserued it a thousande times, yet would I not bee so shameleſſe and impudent to demaund it. For I haue not directed my operations to that end, that I should craue guerdon for them; besides that, it is not conuenient for a Gentleman so to doe.

What farther: that it is a thing cleane repugnaunt to my nature and disposition, and in the craving thereof I should bee so colde and timerous, that (as the Prouerbe saieth) I should teach others to denie mee. For I being vnable to demaund any thing, without speech of some desart of mine, how shall this be done without arrogancie, when as I knowe none to bee in me: And if there were any, could I speake of it my selfe, without blushing:

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To conclud, I think it neither good, profitable, nor honeſt for me.

Thus I pray you, iudge of me, that although I haue no great ſubſtance of ſound vertue: yet want I not ſome little ſhadow of decent modeſtie. Neither would I haue you wiſh me to become a new Satibarzanes, with Araxzrxes, or Turinus, with Alexander. And of this reſolue your ſelfe, that if for theſe twentie and fiue yeares, I haue with a bold courage, knowne how to tollerate many ſtrokes of Fortune: I hope alſo with like fortitude to ouerpaſſe the reſt of the time that God hath appoynted mée to liue in this world: and ſhall (perhappes) taſt greater tranquillitie in this my poore and meane calling, then a number of others doe, with their riches and honour.

To conclude, I know this your aduice to proceéde of an incredible affection that yée beare mée, but yet I purpoſe not to put it in practiſe, nor followe it: but as Marius, when that certaine vaines in his legges ſhould bée cut, made anſwere, that the health of his legges was not ſuch, as that it ſhould deſerue to bée bought with ſuch terrible anguiſh, and torment: ſo ſéemeth it vnto mée, that the ſmoake which proceédeth from theſe honours and promotions, are not ſo benificial, as that they ſhould merit to be bought with ſo great trouble and affliction, both of body and minde.

I would not wiſh you, to take in hand, to anſwere euery part of my letter, nor that deſire ſhould ſo farre tranſport you, as to make you to taſte new annoyes by the ſame: put an end thereunto, I beſéech you. And if you will néeds write againe, ſend it to Laconica, either reproouing mée, or confirming mée in that I haue written. Whatſoeuer it ſhall be, I will take it in good parte from you, whome I loue entirely, and recken of amongſt the number of my beſt and chiefeſt friendes.

# A translation out of french, of a Supplication presented by *Iohn Meschinot*, Esquire, vnto the *Duke of Brittane his Lorde and Maister*, wherein he nameth himselfe the Banished from Ioyfulnesse, by H.G.

MOst humbly complayneth vnto your honour, your poore vassayle, loyall subiect, and obedient seruant, The banished from ioyfulnesse, remayning in the diocesse of misfortune, the parishioner of affliction, and neere neighbour of dispaire: giuing you to vnderstand, howe from his young yeares, hée hath continually serued my Lords your predecessours, whose soules God hath receiued: And whome it hath pleased you (for which I yéelde you humble thankes) to entertaine amongst the number of them, which are of your speciall sauegarde and protection. Neuertheleſſe, a theefe, (the common enemie of humaine creatures) named Mishappe, remaining alwayes with Fortune, accompanied with an olde leane woman, called Pouertie, haue vncessantly warred, and almost in euery place pursued your said supplyant, tending to his totall destruction: whose rage and furie hath vntill this present béene resisted by the good ayde and support, that it hath pleased you, and your honourable auncestors to make for him. And it is so (Souereigne sir) that although in times past, the Banished from ioyfulnesse hath béene cruelly handled, and sharpely assayled by the forenamed Mishappe and Pouertie: yet at this present, they haue taken and bound him, in such lamentable sorte,

that wit hout your ſpẽdie ayde and ſuccour, hẽe cannot long indure to reſiſt their malice. And foꝛ the better bꝛinging of their purpoſe to paſſe, they haue firſt diſpoyled your ſayde ſupplyant of fiftie yeares, and moꝛe, which he had receiued of God and nature, being depꝛiued of all hops, of euer recouering any of them againe. And in this ſoꝛte, as a ſlaue oꝛ bondman, doe they detaine him againſt his wil. And foꝛ his farther puniſhment, they haue giuen expꝛeſſe commandement, and deliuered it ſtrictly in charge to Furie, Sorow, thought & vexatiõ being their armoꝛers, to foꝛge foꝛ ẏ ſaid baniſhed frõ ioyfulnes a ſtrõg & weightie armoꝛ of pꝛoof, double ſodoꝛed, the ſtuffe thereof being of the ſtẽle of melancholy; The ſmythy oꝛ hearth whereon they heate, it is Langoꝛ, which is kindled wõ the fire of fretting, from whence yſſues ſo great flame, and ſmoke of anger & furie, occaſioned thꝛough the wind, pꝛocẽding from the bellowes of ſighinges and gronings, as it is a thing moſt hoꝛrible to expꝛeſſe. And God, thou knoweſt, how ſoꝛe moſt vgly and hideous olde women, that is to ſay Impatience, Lamentation, Iniurie, and Miſerie, continually ſtrike and beate on it, on the anuill of anguiſh, with the hammers of Rygour. Afterwardes they temper the ſaid armour with the water of bitterneſſe, nẽere the which leapes foꝛth a ſalte riuer of trickling teares, taking his courſe thꝛough the vallie of ſhame, ouernẽere the ſoꝛowfull aboade of your ſaid ſupplyant: ſo that oftentimes thꝛough the ſuperabundaunce of raine and ſhoꝛers of ſoroꝛwe, the waters of diſquiet and controuerſie groꝛwe and floꝛwe ſo hye, that the village of his heart is, as it were all dꝛoꝛwned.

It reſteth to tell you hoꝛw they ſcoꝛwꝛe, and make bꝛight this harneſſe. They haue a great grinding ſtone of toꝛment, turnde about by fẽbleneſſe and ſlaunder on the one ſide, and ruine and confuſion on the other ſide. The maiſters of this woꝛke, are Daunger, Debate, and diſpleaſure, which often beſpꝛinckle the ſaid harneſſe with the powder oꝛ ſparkduſt

dust of rage, making therewith a blacke vernish. With this armour of prowse haue they determined to arme your foresaid suppliant, vppon a doublet of dolor, tyed on by trauell, with the poyntes of discomfort, and their purpose is to make him carie it on foote through the darke kingdome of solytarinesse, to warre against felicitie. And I verily think, ỹ in the end, they will take from him the power to doe you any longer seruice (which I beseech your honour, most souereine Lord, not to permit) for neither they, nor any other whatsoeuer, shall neuer bee able to take from him the desire that hee hath still to serue you.

Now it is so, that a notable and reuerent Ladie called old Age (seeing into what miserie and captiuitie the foresayde Mishappe and Pouertie haue brought your saide supplyant) hath promysed and determined shortly to deliuer him out of their handes, and in the meane season will keepe him good and comfortable company, vntill the ende of his daies, so that hee may obtaine your good fauour and assistaunce. For otherwise wanting wherwith to supply his necessities, hee cannot bee restored to his freedome.

Might it stand therefore with your good pleasure (most souereigne Lord) to commaund Honour the procurer generall of your enterprises, to stand with your sayde supplyant, and take such order in this behalf, that his forenamed enimies may bee expulsed, and that hee no longer remaine besieged with such iminent distruction. Consider that this ryot hath beene made, whiles I remained vnder your sauegard and in your seruice.

Lastly therefore, these are most humbly to pray and beseech you, so to ordaine for the estate of the banished from ioyfulnesse, that hee may with ioy and contentment finish and accomplishe the shorte time that hee hath to lyue in this worlde.

In ſo doing yée ſhall reforme him, both in chaunging his name, and the place of his abode; ſo will hée more and more enforce himſelfe, to dwell néerer your pallace, to doe you loiall ſeruice to his power, during life: making continuall interceſſion to god, ỳ he may graunt you peace and repoſe of ſpirit, eaſe and health of bodie, honour, good and long life; with all that your noble heart wiſheth, and heauen for your finall inheritaunce.

*Tranſlated out of Italian.*

Twoo ſworne Brothers, being ſouldiers, maried twoo ſiſters: the one of them made much of his wife, entreating her with all lenitie that might be, yet would ſhee not obey his will and pleaſure: The other threatned his wife, and kept her in obedience, and ſhe alwayes did, what he commaunded her. The one requeſteth the other, to teach him how to make her obediente, which he did; whereupon hee threatning and vſing her as the other did, ſhee laught him to ſcorne.

THere dwelt in times paſt, in a gariſon néere adioyning to Rome, two ſworn brothers, who no leſſe loued one the other, then if they had yſſued out of one womb: of which the one had to name Siluerius, the other was called Piſardus, and both of them by profeſſion were ſouldiers: although their amitie was great, yet they dwelt not in one houſe. Siluerius, the younger wanting a gouerneſſe for his houſe, toke to wife the daughter of a taylour, being named Spinella, a gallant and bewtifull mayden, but of a high,

and

and lofty diſpoſition. The marriage being ended, & the wife being brought home to his houſe, he was ſo feruẽtly inamoured on her beauty, that he thought there was not any woman in the world, able to goe beyond her: and in this his doting mode, ſuffered her to ſay and doe what ſhe liſted, & gaue her euery thing that ſhée demanded: through which Spinella became ſo bolde, and heddy, that ſhée litle or nothing eſtéemed her huſband; & the ignorant ſot was now come to ſuch a paſſe, that when he willed her to doe one thing, ſhée would go about another thing, & bidding her to come hither, ſhe would goe a cleane contrary way, and laugh him to ſcorne. And her huſband being none of the wiſeſt, dared neither to remedy it, nor to reprehend her, but ſuffered her in euery thing to doe, what beſt pleaſed her fancie. Within a yéere after, Piſardus was married to another daughter of the foreſaide Taylour, who was called Fiorella, being full out as beautifull as her ſiſter, but inferiour to her in brauery, & ſuttlety of wit. The nuptials being finiſhed, and the wife brought home to his houſe, Piſardus toke a paire of bréeches, and two cudgels, ſaying vnto her,

Fiorella, theſe are the bréeches of a man, take you one of theſe ſtaues, and I wil haue the other; and wee will try by combate, which of vs ſhal carry away the bréeches, on this condition, that he which ſhalbe conquerer, ſhal haue them; & he that ſhalbe ouercome ſhall alwayes remayne obedient to the Conquerour.

Fiorella hearing theſe words of her huſband, without any delay, readily aunſweared with great humility: Alas, my huſband, what meane yée by theſe ſpéeches that yée vtter? are not you the huſband, and I the wife? Ought not the wife alwaies to be obedient to her huſband? How ſhoulde I euer then commit ſuch a folly? Now carry you the bréeches and weare them, for they belong more vnto you, and will better become you, then me.

I wil then (anſwered Piſardus) ſtill weare the bréeches, & be the huſband, and thou as my beloued wife, ſtand obedient

vnto me. But take heede, that yee alter not your determination, in seeking to make your selfe the husband, and me the wife, for that after it shall repent you.

Fiorella, who was wise, confirmed that he had spoken, and at the same instant, her husband gaue her the gouernment of al his house; then said he, wife I will bring thee to my stable and shew thee my horses, for that thou maist know what order to take for them, if I shall chaunce to be absent. And being come thither, said, Fiorella, how like ye these my geldings? are they not fayre? are they not gallant, and in good plight? To whom shee answered; they are in deede, Sir, but behold (sayd Pisardus) how ready, and obedient they are: and taking a wande, touched now the one, and now the other, saying; Holla, hoyst, come aloft, and they shewed themselues most obedient to their maister. Amongst the rest, Pisardus had one horse, fayre enough to the eye, but very dogged of disposition, which was the cause that he litle esteemed him, comming vnto him with the rod in his hand, he said, come here, come there; and strake him, but the horse being by nature knauish, suffered his maister to lay on him, not doing any thing of that hee bad him, but that he kickt and spurnde at him, now with one foot, now with both. Pisardus seeing his crabbednesse, with a great and tough cudgel beate him a good, but all preuayled not. Which his maister seeyng, being kindled in choler, set hād to his sword that he had by his side, in the presence of Fiorella, ran him through, & killed him; wherat shee being moued with compassion, said, alas my husband, why haue yee killed this horse? He was very faire, and it is great pitie so to kill him. Pisardus with a troubled countenance, answeared, I let you vnderstand, that al they, which eate that is mine, and doe not what I bid them, shalbe payde with the same money. Fiorella hearing this answeare, was very pensiue, and sayd within her selfe, Alas, sorowful creature, & wretch that I am, in ill time came I hither, I thought that I had a wise man too my husband, but now I see I haue happened on a beast. See how

for

for litle or nothing he hath killed a gallãt horſe. Thus remained, ſhée very penſiue in her ſelfe, not knowing to what ende her huſband ſpake it. Through which Fiorella was ſo exceedingly afrighted, and ſtoode in ſuch awe of him euer after, that when ſhée heard him but ſtirre, ſhée would trẽble for feare, & whatſoeuer he willed her to doe, it was accompliſhed preſẽtly, and ſcantly could her huſband open his mouth to ſpeake, before ſhe vnderſtood him, & there was neuer any contention, or brawling heard betwixt thẽ. Siluerius who loued his friend Piſardus paſſing well, oftentimes came to viſite him, and would dine and ſuppe with him, who noting the mild demeanour & modeſt behauiour of Fiorella, maruelled greatly, ſaying within himſelfe. O God, why was it not my hap to haue takẽ Fiorella to wife, as wel as my brother Piſardo? Sée how ſhée gouernes the houſe, and doth what he commandeth her moſt obediently. But mine (wretche that I am) doeth cleane contrary, not affording me neyther a good word, nor cheereful countenance vnleſſe ſhée may haue her owne will in euery thing.

Siluerius ona certayne day walking alone with Piſardus, and debating of diuers matters, amongſt other communication, he ſaid. Brother Piſardus, thou knowest the loue and good will that hath long remayned betwixt vs. I would willingly learne of you, what meanes yée vſed at the firſt in bringing your wife to ſuch obedience and to winne her to make ſo much of you. I can neuer ſo louingly commaund Spinella to doe any thing, but ſhe anſweares me ouerthwartly, and herewith doeth al things contrary to that I bid her.

Piſardus ſmyling hereat, from poynt to poynt tolde him, the order and meanes that he had vſed when he brought her firſt to his houſe, perſuading him to doe the like, and proue whether it woulde take effect, which if it did not, hee knewe not what aduiſe to geue him. This liked Siluerius very well, who taking his leaue of his friende and

And beyng come home to his house, without any delay called for his wife; and taking a payre of his owne breeches, and a couple of staues, did as his friend Pisardus had counselled him. Which Spinella seeing, said vnto him. What new thing, Siluerius, is this that yee are about to doe? What buzzes are there put in your head? Are you now become a fole? Doe we not know, thinke you, that men, and not women, should weare breeches? and what necessity is there I pray you, in doing these thinges, so besides the purpose? but Siluerius making no answere, proceeded in his determinate order, geuing her the rule and gouernment of his house.

Spinella returnelling heereat, cuttedly saide vnto him. Think you that I cannot doe these things sufficiently without these your godly instructions that you so hotly geue mee? But her husband held his peace, and going with his wife to the stable, did the like to his horses, that Pisardo had done before, and killed one; Spinella seeing such fondnes, thought verily that he was beside himselfe, and saide vnto him, Alas, I pray you tel me Sir, what mad modes are these? what is there done in your braine? What is there meant by these vnaduised parts ỹ yee play? Are yee witlesse? Siluerius answered, I am neither mad nor foolish. But all they that liue at my charge, and doe not obey me, shalbe chasticed in like sorte as ye haue now séene.

Spinella perceiuing to what end this was done by her vnwise husband, said vnto him: Ah sot that thou art. It séemeth wel that thy horse was a simple beast, to suffer himself so miserably to be killed at thy hãds. But what meane yée by this? Thinke yée to doe that vnto me, which ye haue done to your horse? in truth, if ye so thinke yée, ye are deceaued greatly: and ouerbeit it is now to late vnto that, which yee would loke vnto.

The bone is ouer muche hardened, the wound is now growne to a scarre: neyther is there now any remedy. Ye should sooner haue bene taken with this your straunge maner of coniuration, O foole, O witlesse Gose, doest thou not

not ſée that thou ſuſtaineſt both loſſe & ſcorne by theſe innumerable follies? And what gayne yée hereby? In good fayth nothing. Siluerius hearing the wordes of his ſuttle wife, & ſéeyng his louing purpoſe like to come to no effect, determined againſt his will, paciently to ſuffer this his harde fortune, till death ſhould ende theſe his dolours. And Spinella ſéeing her huſbands counſel not to preuaile, whereas ſhée tooke an inche of liberty before, tooke an Ell afterwardes. For a woman that is by nature obſtinate, had rather ſuffer a thouſand deathes, then alter her ſetled determination.

## ¶ *Maiſter Gaſparinus a Phiſition,* by his cunning, healeth fooles.

THere dwelt in times paſt in Englande, a very rich man who had one only ſonne, called Gaſparinus, whom he ſent ouer too the vniuerſity of Padua, that he might there follow his ſtudie: but hee making no account of learning, ſpēt his time in gaming and rioting, haunting brothel houſes, and other ſuſpected places, leading ẏ moſt diſſolute life that might be: His father thinking that he ſpent his time in the ſtudy of Phiſicke; he practiſed in ſtéed of bookes, bowles; for diſputing dicing; and whereas he ſhould haue attayned learning, he altogether frequēted loytring. Hauing remayned therein ẏ ſpace of fiue yéeres, he returned into his countrey and ſhewed by experience ẏ he had learned backwards, for going about to ſéem a Romaine, he manifeſted himſelfe to be a Barbarian; and men noted him and poynted at him, as a common laughing ſtocke, in the towne where he dwelt. What griefe it was vn-

to the poore father to see his cost lost, and his onely childe as it were cast away, I referre the consideration thereof to your discretions. Wherfore for the mitigating of his sorowes, hee called his sonne vnto him, and opening a chest full of money and iewels, layde forth vnto him the one halfe of his goodes (which verily he deserued not) & said, Take here (my sonne) thy portion of thy fathers hereditamentes, & get thee farre frō me: For I rather chose to remain without a child, then to liue with thee in infamie. No sooner were these words spoken, but he most willingly obeying his fathers commandement fingering the money, toke his leaue & departed. And being farre distant from him, at the entrance of a wood neere a riuer, hee built a costly & sumptuous pallace, the gates being of brasse, and with this riuer it was moated about. Herein with a deuice of sluces he made certayne litle poles, whose depth hee would encrease or diminish at his pleasure. Into some, the water entred the depth of a man; into some other, ỹ it would reach to his eyes; others, vnto the nauel, some to the middle, & some to the knees; & vnto euery of these poles, an yron chaine was fastened. Ouer the gate of this pallace was a title written, which sayd, A place, wherein to heale fooles. The fame of this pallace, in short space, was spread abrode in most places of the world, & fooles repayred thither in great abundance, to be cured, but (to speake more neerer the troth) to bee washed. The maister according to the greatnes of their follies, would plunge them in these pits, and some of these he would heale with whippings, some with watching, some with fasting, & other some by little & litle he would restore to their former estate, & vnderstanding, by the tẽperature & suttlety of ỹ ayre. On a time in a large court, without the gates of this pallace, as certayne of the meanest sort of these fooles, were sporting themselues in the heate of the sunne, it fortuned that a Falconer came by, which carried a sparhawk on his fist, hauing a great number of Spaniels waiting on him. Who presently beyng espied by these fooles, they marueled greatly what he meant to ride with that birde and spaniels: and one of them

demanded

demanded of him what bird it was that he carried on his fiſt? He anſwered, a Sparhawke. And to what end (quoth he) doe yée kéepe her? (quoth the Gentleman) ſhée is a birde gréedy at her práy, and I keepe her to kill Partridge with, which is a great bird, and delicate in taſt: theſe are called ſpaniels which ſpring and retrine the birdes, & this ſparhauke killeth them, and I eate them. Quoth the ſoole then: I práy doe tel me what this Sparhawke & Spaniels ſtand thée in? The Falconer made anſweare, I bought the horſe that I ride on, for fyve pound, the Sparhawke coſt mée twenty ſhillings, & my Spaniels thrée pound; and the féeding and nouriſhing of all theſe yéerely, I value at xx. pounds. Now I beſéech thée tell mée ſaid the ſoole how many Partridges thou takeſt yéerely, and what they bée worth. I catch (quoth he) about two hundred, and they are at the leaſt, wooth twenty ſhillings. The foole, but not a ſoole herin, but rather he ſhewed himſelf very wiſe, with a loude voyce cried vnto him, fly, fly, foole that thou art, which ſpendeſt twenty pound yéerely, for the gaining of twẽty ſhillings, and yet reckoneſt not the time, that is vaynely conſumed. Fly with al ſpéede, for the paſſion of God, fly, for if my maiſter finde thée héere, he will throw thée into a pitte, where thou ſhalt be plunged ouer head & eares, & be ſuffered hardly to eſcape with life. For I which am a ſcole, may diſcerne that thou art more ſooliſh then them which are moſt fooliſh of all.

## ¶ The Florentines and the Citizens of Bergamaske, bring all their Doctors to a disputation, and they of the citie of Bergamaske, with a prety policie confuted, and had the victorie of the Florentines.

IN times past, it happened that diuers Merchants of Florentine and Bergamaske, met: who riding together (as it often chanceth) had talk and conference of diuers matters, and digressing from one thing too another, one of the Florentines sayde, Truely you of Bergamaske (as farre as I can perceiue) are dull spirited, and men of small capacity, and were it not for that litle traffique of merchandise that yée practize, for the great grosenesse and vnaptnesse that is in you, yée were good for nothing. And it comes to passe, that yée haue prosperous successe in marchandise, not for any skil that ye haue, or dexteritie of witte, but for the greedines, and couetousnes of gain, that is in you. For I knowe not any that may goe beyonde you, in grosenesse and blockishnesse. Hauing thus spoken, one of the citie of Bergamaske, stept foorth and made him answere, saying: And I tell thée that we of Bergamaske in all poyntes, are able to goe beyond you. And albéit you Florentines are smoothly tounged, & bring greater delight with your fyled spéech, to the eares of the hearers, then we: neuertheless in all other thinges yée are farre inferiour vnto vs, & if yée consider it wel, there is not one amongst vs, be hee great or litle, but hath some smacke in learning; and herewith we are apt to euery couragious enterprise, which is not found in you, or if it bée, it is in very few of you.

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The contention growing to bée very great, both of the one ſide, and the other, they of the Citie of Bergamaſke not entending to yéeld vnto the Florentines, nor the Florentines to them, euery one defending his owne ſide with great ſtoutneſſe, one of Bergamaſke ſtode vp, and ſaide. To what end are all theſe wordes? Let vs make proofe of it by déedes. Let a ſolemne diſputation be appoynted, wherat ỹ flowre of learning, and doctors may méete, and then ſhall it manifeſtly bée ſéene, which of vs is moſt excellent. Hérevnto the Florentines yéelded their conſent: but this was the differẽce; whether ỹ Florentines ſhould go to Bergamaſke, or they of Bergamaſk to Florence. After many words, it was cõcluded ỹ they ſhould caſt lots. And it ſo fel out, ỹ the Florentines muſt go to the Cittie of Bergamaſke. The day of diſputation was nominated to bée in the moneth of May. The Merchantes returned to their Cities; and acquainted their Doctors, and other learned men what match they had made: who vnderſtanding the matter, were very well pleaſed, and made proniſion for a gallant and long diſputation.

They of the Towne of Bergamaſke, as wiſe and ſubtill men, determined to worke ſo, that the Florentines ſhould remaine both confuted and ſcorned. Wherefore all the moſt learned men of the Citie being aſſembled, as well Grammarians as Rhetoricians; as wel common lawiers, as Canoniſtes, as well Philoſophers, as diuines, and Doctours and maiſters of all other ſortes whatſoeuer, they made choyce of the chiefeſt of them, and retained them in their Citie, that they might bée their rocke and fortreſſe in their diſputation againſt the Florentines. The others being apparelled in courſe and ragged apparell, againſt the day of the diſputations, they ſent forth of the Citie, towardes that parte where the Florentines muſt néedes come. And charge was giuen, that they ſhould ſpeake nothing vnto them but Latine.

Theſe Doctors being thus attirde in clownish apparell,

and

and interwirt amongst them, of pollicie, they set handes vnto diuers exercises: some digged ditches, some caryed wood, and some did one thing, and some an other.

These Doctors of Bergamaske remayning in these exercises, and seeming to bee clownes, beholde the Florentine Doctors came ryding by with great pompe, who seeing these labourers, sayde vnto them, God saue you brethren. To whome the clownes answered in latine, Benè veniant ranti viri. The Florentines thinking that they iested, demaunded how many miles it was to the Citie of Bergamaske: to whome the Clownes answered, decem, vel circa.

The Florentines hearing this aunswere, vnto them. O brethren, wee speake vnto you, in your mother tongue, and from whence comes it, that you aunswere vs in latine? They of Bergamaske replyed: Ne miremini, excellentissimi Domini, vnusquisque enim nostrûm, sic vt auditis loquitur, quoniam Maiores & sapientes nostri sic nos docuerunt.

Riding on their iourney a good distaunce off, they saw other clownes, which in the broad wayes clensed diches: and saying, sayde vnto them. Hoe companions, God spæde you: to whome they aunswered: Et Deus vobiscum semper sit. How farre is it to Bergamaske? saide the Florentines. The other aunswered, Exigua vobis restat via. And entring from one worde to another, they beganne at length to reason in Philosophy, and these clownes of Bergamaske framed their arguments so strongly and profoundly, that the Florentine Doctors were scarse able to aunswere them. At which all of them wondring, saide amongst themselues: How is it possible, that these clownish men, brought vp in digging of the ground, and other rusticall exercises, should bee so well instructed in humane sciences? Departing from them, they road towardes an inne, not farre distant from the Citie, which was fayre and large. As they came somewhat neere it, an Ostler came forth to inuite them, saying: Domini, libèt ne vobis hospitari? Hic enim vobis erit bonum hospitium.

pitium. And for that the Florentines were very weary, they alighted, and meant to ryde no farther that night. As they were mounting vp the stayres to goe to their lodging; the goodman of the Inne met them, saying: Excellentissimi Domini, placétne vobis, vt præparetur cœna? hic enim sunt bona vina, oua recentia, carnes, volatilia, & alia huiusmodi. Hereat the Florentines were amased, and knew not what to say: for that all they, with whome they had spéech, spake latine, and pronounced no otherwise, then if they had bæne brought vp in studie all the dayes of their lyfe. Shortly after a maide seruaunt, indéed came vnto them, which was a young woman, both wittie and learned, and craftily brought thither for the purpose, which sayde. Indigéntne dominationes vestræ re aliqua? placét vt sternentur lectuli, vt requiem capiatis? These wordes of the Maiden brought greater astonishment to the Florentines, who began to reason with her; who hauing answered to many thinges excéedingly well, (and all in latine) they questioned with her of diuinitie, of which shée did argue so catholiquely, that there was not any ỹ heard her, but gaue her singular commendation. Whiles the Maiden talked with them, there came one in, arayde like a baker, his face blackt with coales; who hearing the disputation that they had with the Maiden, began to argue in her defence, and interpreted the holy scriptures so learnedly, that al the Florentine doctors affirmed amõgst themselues, that they had seldome or neuer heard his better. This disputation being finisht, the Florentine Doctors went to supper, and so to their rest. And the next day approching, they toke counsell amongst themselues, whether it were better to goe forwards, or returne home againe. After great contention had about this matter, they resolued, that it was better to departe, thinking thus with themselues, that if the Inkeepers, labourers, hostlers, & women had such profound learning: what was to bée looked for in the Citie, where are most excellent men, which continually followe nothing els, but their bookes and studie.

This

This determination being well considered of ; without any longer tariaunce, they put it in practise. And not as much as sæing the walles of the Citie of Bergamaske, taking their horses, toke their iourney backe againe towardes Florence. And in this maner, the Florentines were by pollicie conquered of thē of Bergamaske. And from thēce forwards the Citizens of Bergamaske had a priuiledge from the Emperour, to passe safely through all the partes of the world, without the let or disturbance of any man.

## Of one that hyred a fooliſh ſeruaunt, and was ſerued accordingly.

PAndolfus a Gentleman of Padua, on a time standing greatly in nēede of a seruant, chaunced to meete with one, who he thought would well serue his turne: of whom hée demaunded, whether he would serue him for reasonable wages, who made answere that hée would: but with this condition, that hée would at no time doe him any other seruice, but looke to his horses, and ride with him. Hereon they concluded, and there were Indentures of couenants drawn, sealed, and deliuered for the performance of the premisses. It happened on a certaine day that Pandolfus, as hée rode with his new seruant, in a filthy mirie way, his horse stumbling, fell into a ditch, and Padolfus vnder him: who being in great feare and daunger, cryed vnto his man for helpe. His seruaunt standing still, gaue him the loking on, saying that hee was not bound to doe it, and that there was no such thing contained in his Indenture of couenaunt, and taking the copie thereof out of his pocket, beganne from poynt to poynt to reade the conditions of it, to sée whether it were therein

contained,

contained, or no, that hée should helpe him in such a ieoperdie. His maister cryed out vnto him, saying, For the passion of God helpe mée. Hée answered, I cannot sir: for that it is agaynst the couenantes of my Indenture. His maister tolde him, that if hée would not helpe him, and deliuer him out of this daunger, hée woulde not pay him such wages, as was therein contained hée should haue. The foolishe seruaunt sayde that hée would not doe it, for feare of incurring the penaltie contained in the Indenture of couenaunt. And if his maister had not béene presently holpen by one that came that way, doubtlesse hée could neuer haue escaped.

For this cause, after their returne home, there were new couenantes drawne, vnto which hée yelded his consent, vnder a certaine forfeiture, to performe and obserue them truely: which was, that hée should assist his maister at all times; in all causes that hée commaunded him, and shoulde neuer departe or seperate himselfe from him.

It chaunced on a time, that Pandolfus entring into one of the chiefest Churches of the Citie, with certaine Venetian Gentlemen, his seruaunt alwayes folowed him at his shoulders, and would neuer leaue him.

The Gentlemen and other that were by, for the rarenes of the sight, tooke vp a great laughter, through which the maister returning to his house, chidde him bitterly, shewing him what a foolish and vnaduised part hée plaied, in walking so childishly with him, in the Church, without any respect, either of him, or the Gentlemen that were with him. The seruaunt alledged vnto him, that hée had not done contrary to the couenantes that were drawne betwixt them, and had fulfilled the contents therof and no more. Vpon this there was a new couenant put in, that hée should goe farther of from him.

After that time the seruant would kéepe himselfe alwfe, and not come nére him by fortie foote, at the least. And although his maister called him, and had mode to vse him

Neuertheleſſe, his ſeruaunt would not for feare of incur-
ring the penaltie contained in the Indentures. Yæreat
Pandolphus fretting a good at the folly, and ſimplicity of his
man; told him that his comming farther of him, was to bee
vnderſtode about a three foote diſtant The ſeruant thinking
himſelfe now too be apparauntly aduertiſed of his maiſters
meaning, toke a ſtaffe of the length of three foote, and as hee
went in the citie, would ſet one end therof againſt his breſt,
and holding the other towardes his maiſters ſhoulders, ſo
followed him. The Citizens, & Prentiſes, ſeyng him to goe
in this order, deeming him too bee ſome notable foole, did
laugh at him vnmeaſurably. The maiſter as yet not know-
ing wherfore they ſo laught, maruelled greatly, but being af-
terwards aduertiſed how he carried the ſtaffe after him, he
was in a great rage, reprehending his ſeruant vehemently,
threatning alſo to beat him. And he weeping and lamenting,
excuſed himſelfe, ſaying, yee doe me manifeſt iniury, Maiſter,
in going about to beate me, made I not a bargaine with you:
haue I not obſerued all the couenants? When did I any
thing contrary to that you willed me? reade the Indenture,
and then puniſh me if I haue fayled in any thing. And thus
his maiſter could neuer iuſtly take him at any aduauntage.
At another time his maiſter ſent him to the Market, too buy
meate, and ſpeaking figuratiuely vnto him, ſaide; Goe thy
way, and let it be a yeere ere yee come agayne: meaning that
he ſhould make ſpeed. The ſeruant ouer obedient to his mai-
ſter, went into his Country and there tarried till the yeere
was expired, and within one day after came home, & brought
the meate with him too his maiſter, who maruelling thereat
greatly, hauing forgotten what he gaue him in commande-
ment too doe, rebuked him as a Runaway; ſaying: yee are
come ſomewhat too late, that the gallowes take you. But I
wil reward thee according to thy deſertes, knaue and varlet,
that thou art, and thou ſhalt bee ſure too pay the penalty that
thou haſt forfeyted, and getteſt not one peny of wages of me.

The seruaunt answered that he had not swarued from any one couenant contained in his Indenture; but had obserued them all, and had obeyed him in euery thing that hee commaunded.

Call yee to minde maister (said hee) that whiles yee willed mee to tary a yeere, ere I came againe: I haue done so: and therfore pay mee my wages that yee promised mee. And hereupon they waged the lawe, and in conclusion the mayster was constrained to pay him his wages, whether hee would, or no.

THere dwelt in the Citie of Ferrara, an exceeding rich man, and of a worshipfull house, who had a seruaunt called Fortunius, a young man of no great witte. It chaunced that his maister on a time sitting asleepe in his orchard, in the extreme heat of the sunne. Fortunius hauing a bush of fethers, kept of ý flyes from his maister, ý hee might take his rest the more quietly. Amongst the other flyes, there was one so importunate, that not waying the bush of fethers, wherewith shee was striken often, with her sharpe sting would neuer lin byting the balde pate of his maister, and hauing beene three or foure times to anoye him, would still prosper to come againe.

In fine Fortunius noting the malapert presumption of the beast, not being able any longer to forbeare her, very vnaduisedly determined to kill her. And the flye sitting on the balde pate of his maister sucking out his blood, Fortunius like a simple and ignorant sotte, tooke a weighty pestle of wasse that by chaunce lay some what neere him, and lifting it vp with great force with intēt to kil the fly, knocke out the braines of his maister. Who seeing his maister to bee slaine in deede, and thinking that hee should bee hanged for it, determined to runne away, and saue himselfe by flight:

But altering this his purpose, hée thought it better to burie him in some secrete place, and putting him into a sacke, did so. And then taking a great hée Goat of his maisters, flong him into a well, that stode nére the Orchard where he slept. The goodman not comming in at night, as hée was accustomed, began to thinke euill of the seruaunt, and demanding of him for her husband, hée made answere, that hée saw him not.

Then the good wife being very sorowfull, began to wéepe bitterly, and with a shriking voyce, called her husband, but all in vaine. Her parents and kinsfolkes séeing that the good man could not bée found, went to the Mayor of the Citie, and there accused Fortunius the seruaunt, saying, that hée should bée committed to prison, and so to be had on the racke, there to bée made to confesse, what was become of his maister.

The Mayor presently caused him to bée taken, and bound, and vpon presumptions committed him to the racke. The seruaunt not being able to abyde the torment thereof, promised to manifest the whole: so that hée myght bée let downe, and being taken downe, and had before the Mayor, with a craftie diseate, hée sayde, as followeth.

Yesterday, as I was asléepe in the orchard, and sodenly a great noyse awaked mée, which séemed, as though some great stone had falne into the well. I being astonied thereat, ranne sodeinly thither, and looking into the water, saw it quiet and still, so that I sought no farther: whiles I returned, I heard an other lyke noyse, as I sayde. And I verily thinke it was my maister, who being about to draw some water, fell into the well. But for that the trouth may bée knowne of the matter, let vs al go thither, and I wil discend into the well to sée whether that it bée true or no, which I gather by presumptions.

The Mayor desirous to make proof of the trouth hereof, called all

all his bꝛethꝛen with him, and with diuers other Gentlemen came to the well. And with them went a great company of the coinmon ſoꝛt of people, both men and women, being deſirous to ſée the iſſue of this matter. And behold as the wicked fellow by the cõmandement of the Maioꝛ deſcended into the well, & ſought foꝛ his maiſter in the water, he found the goate which he had befoꝛe thꝛowne therinto, and ther with cried out to his miſtreſſe, (which was amongeſt the reſt of the company) ſaying, hoe, miſtres; tel me, had your huſband any hoꝛnes? I haue found one here in this well, which hath a payꝛe both greate and long, was hee euer your huſband? ſhe being ſurpꝛiſed with theſe ſpéeches, ſaid neuer a woꝛde. The Maioꝛ with all the reſt of the company ſtode ſtill, beeyng very deſirous to ſée the dead body, which being dꝛawen vp, when they perceaued that it was a Goate, they made ſuch exceéding ioy, that they were like to bꝛeake inſunder with laughter. And the Maioꝛ ſeing the chance, adiudged the ſeruant to be trulky, and releaſed him as innocent, and it was neuer knowen what became of his maiſter; and the good wife with the ſcoꝛne of the hoꝛne, remayned defamed euer after.

# ¶ To the Worshipfull Iohn Stafford of Bletherwicke Esquier, Humfrey Gifford most humbly sendeth greeting.

ACknowledging my selfe deepely indebted to your woorshippe for your professed curtesies, & good opinion conceaued of me, & desiring by some one meanes or other to make manifest my thankfull minde, I haue aduentured the dedication of this trifling toy, vnto your protection, notdoubting of your fauourable acceptance, in that I bestow it as an earnest pennie of my wel meaning, and testimonie of the vnfaigned goodwil that I beare you. The thing that I here present you with, is a posie of *Gillowflowers* collected out of the garden of mine owne inuentions. Which if they shal come too short in shew and colour, or proue inferiour in sent and odour to that which is to be looked for of so fragrant a flower, let the Gardiner (I pray you) be excused, who hath done his goodwill and indeuour in the sowing, & setting of them, and lay the fault in the barrennesse of the soyle, wherein they were planted: which had it byn better, their vertue would haue proued to be greater. Though al the flowers herein contayned, carie one name, yet eche of the differs from other, both in colour and sauour, the better to satisfie the diuersitie of eyes that shall view them, and variety of noses that shall smell them. Nowe if the spider shall happen to sucke any poyson out of them, let not the flowers be the worse thought of, but consider that it is his propertie to doe the like, out of the most pure and delectable flowers, that euer were. And God in geuing vnto her and other such like creatures this nature, doeth no lesse manifest his omnipotent

potent power herein, then in his other wonderful works. For reaſon telleth, & experience teacheth, that in this vale of miſery, there is nothing ſo beautifull, but that it hath ſome blemiſh; nor ſo pure, but that it ſauours of ſome imperfection: ſo that as long as the world is a world, corruption muſt continue amongſt vs. Which filthy dregs & poyſoned humors, if they were not in parte drawen & drayned away by the venomous beaſtes and wormes of the earth, they woulde a great deale more annoy vs, then now they doe. And it is to be doubted whether life could any long time be conſerued amogſt vs. I might here take occaſion to liken the crew of curious carpers (which more of malice then good meaning accuſtomed to cauel at other mens doings, playing the ydle drones themſelues) to the venomous beaſtes & wormes before ſpoken of: Whom for their congruity in condition, and affinity in diſpoſition I might bring them within the compas of one cõpariſon, & conclude that both the one & the other are neceſſary euils. But leſte that the old prouerb be obiected agaynſt me, *Ne ſutor vltra crepidam*, let the Gardiner meddle no farther thẽ his ſpade, I wil leaue thẽ to theyr predeceſſor *Zoilus* (whoſe apes they are in imitating his conditions) & returne agayne to my *Gillowflowers*, eft ſoones beſeeching your worſhip to accept thoſe that I preſent you with no leſſe thãkfulnes then the Gardiner doth offer them willingly, wherof he doubtes not, calling to minde your accuſtomed curteſie. In one thing I haue vſed ſuche circumſpection as my ſimple ſkill, would permit me, which is that the beauty of my flowers be not blemiſhed with the weedes of wantonneſſe, that cõmonly grow in ſuch gardens. I hope therfore, ye ſhal finde them rooted out in ſuch ſort, that if there remayne any, my truſt is they ſhall not fall out, to be many. The onely thing that I doubt of this in my dedication, is that your worſhipp ſhall haue cauſe to account mee a deepe diſſembler and one that hath byn more lauiſh in promiſe, then he is able to pay with performance. For whereas by my former ſpeeches, yee might peraduenture looke for ſome delicate *Gillowflowers*,

it will fall out to be but a coppy of my countenance, hauing done nothing els, but (as the faſhion of the worlde is nowadayes) ſet a good face on a bad matter. For (to deale plainly with you) I was neuer Gardiner in all my life. And the thing that I here preſent you with, is but a collection of ſuch verſes and odde deuiſes as haue (at ſuch idle howres as I founde in my maiſter his ſeruice) vpon ſundry occaſions by me byn cõpoſed. The one I confeſſe farre vnworthy your view, and yet ſuch as when ye ſhal returne home weeried from your fielde ſportes, may yeelde you ſome recreation. The chiefe marke that I leuel at is, the continuance of your woorſhips curteſie and good minde towardes me, which as they haue already ſurmounted the reach of my deſerts, ſo if I might enioy the fruition of them hereafter, in that fulneſſe which I hope for, I ſhall account all the duetifull endeuour that I can poſſibly ſhew you inſufficient, for the ſatisfaction of the leaſt part of them. Thus for feare of being tedious, I ende, wiſhing your worſhip, with my good miſtres your wife & all yours many yeeres of proſperitie, with dayly increaſe of worſhip, & heauen for your hauen to reſt in, when the daungerous ſea of this life ſhalbe ouer ſailed.

*Yours in all dutifulneſſe,*

**HG.**

DOe guide my pathes, O Lorde my God,
That I walke not astray:
O who can mount thy holy hill,
Except thou leade the way?
Renew me with such grace, that I
May learne thy lawes aright:
Order my steppes, so shal I be
Preserued day and night.
The wicked Serpent euery houre,
Endeuours me to spil:
Haste to my helpe, so shall I, Lorde,
Right well eschew the il.
In thee I put mine onely trust,
Assist me then at neede.
Stand on my side, but thee alone,
None els my sute can speede.
Amidst the sea of sinne and death,
Continually we ride,
Making still shipwracke of our soules,
except thou be our guide.
Vnto the Lorde with humble sute,
I lift my heart and handes:
Encline thine eares to my request,
Vnlose my sinfull bandes.
Let not vile Satans crafty traynes,
So sore our soules assayle:
Doe thou protect vs with thy shield,
Then shal he not preuayle.
As to a Rocke of safe refuge,
I stil to thee doe fly.
None els there is I know, that can
Cause al my sinnes to die.
I doe confesse my force is weake,
Encrease my fayth (O Lorde)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| E | | Expel from me al hereſies, |
| | P | Protect me with thy worde. |
| L | | Let not the fiende that ſeekes my foyle, |
| | R | Reioyce at my decay, |
| D | | Doe make mee ſtrong in liuely fayth, |
| | V | Vnto thee ſtill I pray. |
| A | | All trueth, al good and godly deedes, |
| | D | Doe ſtill proceede from thee: |
| N | | No man can thinke one holy thought, |
| | E | Except their guide thou bee. |
| V | | Vnleſſe thou Lord doe giue increaſe, |
| | N | No fruite our deedes bring forth. |
| E | | Eſteemd we are as rotten weedes, |
| | C | Corrupt and nothing worth. |
| R | | Remember not my ſinnes forepaſt, |
| | E | Eluminate my wayes: |
| S | | So ſhall I ſtill with heart and voyce, |
| | G | Giue thee all laud and prayes. |
| H | | Happy are they that doe thee ſerue, |
| | I | In thought and eke in deede: |
| V | | Vnturned neuer is thy face, |
| | F | From them in time of neede. |
| M | | Make Lord in mee a ſtedfaſt fayth, |
| | F | For euer to abyde. |
| F | | Frame ſtill my lyfe to keepe thy lawes, |
| | A | And I ſhall neuer ſlide. |
| R | | Remoue from me all errors blockes, |
| | R | Right ſo ſhall I remaine. |
| I | | In perfect footeſteppes of thy paths, |
| | D | Deuoyde of worldly paine. |

# Giffordes
## To his approued friend.

Serue God alwaies. Commit no euil, Sill feare to sinne, defie the diuell. If thou praise God with hearte and minde, Great ioyes in heauen thy soule shal finde.

*Serue God* thy Lord, delight to kéepe his lawes.
*Alwayes*, haue care to doe his holy hest.
*Commit* not that which may his anger cause.
*No euill*, then (déere friend) can thee molest.
*Still feare* and minde the dreadfull iudgement day.
*To sinne*, brédes death, but mercie doe require,
*Defie* such thinges, as worke thy soules decay;
*The diuel*, so shall léese his chiefe desire.
*If thou*, wilt spend thy dayes in great content.
*Praise God*, ech houre, serue him in feare and dread,
*With heart* contrite thy former sinnes lament.
*And minde*, henceforth a better life to lead
*Great ioyes* the Lord (as his pure word doth say)
*In heauen*, aboue, for good men hath prepared,
*Thy soule* when that this life shall passe away,
*Shall finde* such blisse, as cannot bee declarde.

# The life of man metaphorically compared to a shippe, sayling on the seaes in a tempest.

HAste homewardes, man, draw nérer to the shore,
The skies doe scowle, the windes doe blow amaine:
The raged rockes, with rumbling noyse doe rore,
The foggie clowdes doe threaten stormes of raine.
Ech thing foreshewes a tempest is at hand,
Hoyst vp thy sayles, and haste to happy land.

In worldly seaes thy silly ship is tost:
With waues of woe besette on euery side,
Blowne hære, and there, in daunger to bée lost:
Darke clowdes of sinne doe cause thée wander wide,
Unlesse thy God pitie some on thée take,
On rockes of rueth, thou néedes must shipwrack make.

Cut downe the mast of rancour and debate,
Unfraight the shippe of all vnlawfull wares:
Cast ouer boorde the packes of hoorded hate,
Pumpe out fowle vice, the cause of many cares.
If that some léeke, it make thée stand in doubt,
Repentaunce serues, to stoppe the water out.

Let Gods pure word thy line and compasse bée,
And stedfast fayth vse thou in anckors stéede:
Lament thy sinnes, then shalt thou shortly sée,
That power diuine, will helpe thée forth at nœde.
Fell Sathan is chiefe rular of these seas:
Yée séekes our wracke, hée doth these tempestes rayse.

In what wée may let vs alwayes represse,
The furious waues of lust and fond desire:

A quiet

A quiet calme our conscience shall possesse,
if wee doe that which dutie doeth require:
By godly life in fine obtaine wee shall,
the porte of blisse, to which God send vs all.

## A dolefull Dumpe

WHo so doth mone, and lackes a mate,
to bee partaker of his woe,
And will discourse of his estate,
Let him and I together goe:
And I will make him graunt in fine,
his griefe to bee farre lesse then mine.

Perhappes hee wil, to win the best,
paint forth what pangs oppresse his minde,
How that hee feeles no quiet rest:
how fortune is to him vnkind:
And how hee pines in secret griefe,
and findes no meanes for his relieue.

These and such like a number will,
alleadge to witnes their distresse,
Some rolle vp stones against the hill,
with Sisiphus, some else erpresse,
That like to Tantallis they fare,
and some with Yxion doe compare.

But I not onely feele the smart,
of al those euilles reheatsed before:
But taste the torment in my heart,
of thousand times as many more:

So that the worſt of their annoyes,
Is beſt and chiefeſt of my ioyes.

I neuer fed on coſtly meate,
Since that this griefe oppreſt mée firſt:
Dole is the dainties that I eate,
And trickling teares doe cole my thirſt:
Care is my caruing knife, God wot,
Which dayly ſéekes to cut my throte.

Muſe not that héere I ſecret kéepe
The cauſe that firſt procurde my griefe:
What doeth it bote a man to wéepe,
When that his teares finde no reliefe?
Contentes mée onely, this repoſe,
That death ere long will end my woes.

## *In praiſe of the contented* minde.

IF all the ioyes that worldly wightes poſſeſſe,
Were throughly ſcand, and pondres in their kindes,
No man of wit, but iuſtly muſt confeſſe,
That they ioy moſt, that haue contented mindes.
And other ioyes, which beare the name of ioyes,
Are not right ioyes, but ſunneſhines of anoyes.

In outward view wée ſée a number glad,
Which make a ſhew, as if mirth did abound:
Whé pinching grief within doth make them ſad.
And many a one in theſe dayes may bée had,
Which faintly ſmile to ſhroud their ſorowes ſo,
When oftentimes they pine in ſecrét woe.

But euery man that holdes himselfe content,
And yéldes God thankes, as dutie doth require:
For all his giftes that hée to vs hath sent,
And is not vext with ouer great desire:
And such, I say, most quietly doe sléepe,
When fretting cares doth others waking kéepe.

What doth auaile huge heapes of shining golde,
Or gay attyre, or stately buildinges braue:
If worldly pelfe thy heart in bondage holde:
Not thou thy gwdes, thy gwdes make thée their slaue.
For grédie men like Tantalus doe fare,
In midst of wealth, they nédie are and bare.

A warie hédde that thinges ga not to losse,
Doth not amisse, so that it kéepe the meane:
But still to toyle and moyle for worldly drosse,
And tast no ioy nor pleasure for our paine:
In carke and care both day and night to dwell,
Is nothing els but euen a very hell.

Wherefore I say, as erst I did beginne,
Contented men enioy the greatest blisse:
Let vs content our selues to flye from sinne,
And still abide what Gods good pleasure is.
If ioy, or paine, if wealth, or want befall,
Let vs bée pleasde, and giue God thankes for all.

## In the praise of Friendship.

REueale (O tongue) the secretes of my thought,
Tel forth the game that perfect friendship brings:
Expresse what ioyes by her to man are brought,
Unfolde her prayse which glads all earthly things:
If one might say, in earth a heauen to bée,
It is no doubt, where faythfull friendes agrée.

To all estates true friendship is a stay,
To euery wight a good and welcome guest:
Our life were death, were shée once tane away,
Consuming cares would harbour in our brest,
Fowle malice eke, would banish al delight,
And puffe vs vp with poyson of despight.

If that the sædes of enuie and debate,
Might yéelde no fruite, but wither and decay:
No cankred mindes would howde vp heapes of hate:
No hollow hearts dissembling partes should play.
No clawback then would fawne in hope of méede,
Such life to lead, were perfect life in deede.

But nowadayes desire of worldly pelfe,
With all estates makes friendship very colde:
Few for their friendes, ech shifteth for himselfe,
If in thy purse thou hast good store of golde:
Full many a one, thy friendship will imbrace,
Thy wealth once spent, they turne away their face.

Let vs still pray vnto the Lord aboue,
For to relent our hearts as hard as stone:
That through the world one knot of loyall loue,
In perfect trueth might linke vs all in one:

Then should wée passe this life without annoyes,
And after death possesse eternall ioyes.

## A commendation of Peace.

When boyling wrath perturbs mãs troubled brest,
Outraging will bids reasons lore adue:
Turmoyling cares bereaue all quiet rest,
And hastie yre makes harmefull happes ensue,
Great stormes of strife are raisd, through dire debate,
But golden peace preserues the quiet state.

A gift diuine, than precious pearle more worth,
Is blessed peace, to discord deadly foe.
Most plenteous fruits this blooming trée brings forth
When warre and strife yeeld crops of care and woe.
Rash rancours rage procures fond furious fightes,
Peace makes men swim in seaes of swéet delights.

If that this peace bée such a passing thing,
That it by right may challenge worthy prayse:
What thankes owe wée vnto our heauenly king,
Through whome we haue enioyde such happy dayes:
Next to our Quéene, how déepely are wée bound,
Whose like on earth, before was neuer found:

If England would perpend the bloody broyles,
And slaughters huge that forraine realmes haue tried,
It should me séemes, by warnd by their turmoyles,
In perfect loue and concord to abide.
But (out alas) my heart doeth rue to tell)
Small feare of God, amongst vs now doth dwell.

And where that wantes, what hope doth els remayne,
But dire reuenge for rash committed crimes:
Heapes of mishaps will fall on vs amayne,
If we doe not lament our sinnes betimes.
Vnlesse with spéede, to God for grace we call,
I feare, I feare, great plagues on vs will fall.

England therefore, in time conuert from vice,
The pleasant spring abides not all the yeere.
Let forraine ylls, forewarne thée to be wise,
Stormes may ensue, though now the coastes be cléere.
I say no more, but onely doe request,
That God will turne all things vnto the best.

## For Souldiers.

Ye buds of Brutus land, couragious youths, now play your parts
Vnto your tackle stand, abide the brunt with valiãt hearts.
For newes is carried tw & fro, that we must forth to warfare goe:
Men muster now in euery place, & souldiers are prest forth apace.
Faynt not, spend blood, to doe your Quéene & countrey good.
Fayre wordes, good pay, wil make men cast al care away.

The time of warre is come, prepare your corslet, speare & shield,
Me thinks I heare the drumme, strike doleful marches to the field,
Tantara, tãtara, ỹ trũpets sound, w̃ makes our harts w̃ ioy aboũd.
The roring guns are heard a far, & euery thing denounceth warre.
Serue God, stand stoute; bold courage brings this geare about.
Feare not; forth run; faint heart, faire Lady neuer woonne.

Yée curious Carpet knights, that spende the time in sport & play
Abrode & sée new sights, your coũtries cause cals you away: (name.
Doe not to make your Ladies game, bring blemish to your worthy
Away to field, & win renoune, w̃ courage beat your enimies down.
Stoute hearts gain praise, when Dastards sayle in slaunders seas:
Yap what hap shal, we sure, shal die but once for all.

Alarme me thinkes they cry, be packing mates, be gone with spéed,
Our foes are very nigh, shame haue that man that shrinks at néed.
Unto it boldly let vs stand, God wil geue right the vpper hand.
Our cause is good, we néed not doubt, in signe of courage geue a
March forth, be strōg, good hap wil come ere it be long. (showte.
Shrinke not, fight well, for lusty lads must beare the bell.

All you that wil shun euil, must dwel in warfare euery day,
The world, the flesh & Dinel, alwayes doe séeke our soules decay.
Striue wō these foes wō al your might, so shal you fight a worthy fight.
That cōquest doth deserue most praise, wher vice do yéeld to vertues
Beat down foule sin, a worthy crown then shal ye win. (wayes.
If we liue wel, in heauen with Christ our soules shal dwell.

## To his friende.

MAke not too much (o wight of worthy fame)
At view of this my rude & ragged rime,
I am almost enforst to write the same:
Wherefore forgeue, if I commit a crime.
The cause hereof, and how it came to passe,
I shall declare, euen briefly as it was.

Reuoluing in my mind your friendly face,
Your bountie great, your loue to euery man,
I heard my wit, and will to scan this case,
If I should write or no, thus wil began.
Take pen in hand thou fearefull wight she said,
To write thy mind what should make thée afraid?

Not so (quoth wit) acquaintance hath he small,
With him to whō thou bidst him write his mind,
What tho' (quoth will) that skils nothing at all,
Ye writes to one that is to all a friend.

Him

Him so to be (quoth wit) none can denie.
Thou art a fole (quoth will) then to reply.
(fraine.
Great cause (quoth wit) shoulde make him to re-
He would (quoth wil) declare his friendly heart.
What if (quoth wit) he chance to reape disdayne?
Of such foul fruits (quoth wil) friēds haue no part.
Perchance (quoth wit) it wilbe taken yll.
Wel meaned things, who wil take yl (quoth wil?)

He hath no skil (quoth wit,) how should he write?
Al want of skil (quoth will) good will supplies.
I see (quoth wit) thou wilt worke him despite.
For counsell good thou, geuest him rash aduice.
Wit said no more: But will that stately Dame,
Still bad me write, not forcing any blame.

Since will, not wit, makes me commit offence,
Of pardon yours the better hope I haue.
To shew my loue was all the whole pretence,
That made me write. This onely doe I craue:
In any thing if pleasure you I can,
Command me so, as if I were your man.

## A renouncing of loue.

ALl earthly things by course of kind,
Are subiect still to reasons lore:
But sure I can no reasons finde,
That makes these Louers loue so sore.
They fry and freese in myldest weather,
They weepe and laugh euen both together.

Euen now in waues of deepe despaire,
Their barke is tossed too and fro.

A gale of hope expels al feare,
And makes the winde to ouerblow:
Twirt feare and hope these Louers saile,
And doubtful are which shall preuayle.

At night in slumber swéetly laide,
They séeme to holde their loue in armes:
Awaking then, they are afrayde,
And féele the force of thousand harmes.
Then doe they tosse in restlesse bed,
With hammers woorking in their head.

A merry looke from Ladies face,
Bringes them a foote which could not goe:
A frowning brow doth them disgrace,
And brues the broth of all their woe,
Whereby all men may playnely know:
That reason rules not Louers law.

But reason doth me thus persuade,
Where reason wants, that nothing frames:
Therefore this reason hath me made,
To set aside all louely gaynes.
Since reason rules not Venus sport,
No reason bids me scale that forte.

## A will or Testament.

WHen dreadfull death with dint of pearcing darte,
By fatall doome, this corpes of mine shal kill;
When lingring life shall from my like depart,
I thus set downe, my testament and will.
My faythfull friendes executors shall remayne,
To see performde what here I doo dispayne.

To thée (O world) I first of all doe leaue
The vayne delights, that I in thée haue found,
Thy fained shewes wherewith thou didst deceaue,
Thy fickle trust, and promises vnsound.
My wealth, my woe, my ioyes commixt w̄ care,
Doe take them, all doe fall vnto thy share.

And Satan thou, for that thou wert the cause,
That I in sinne did still mispend my dayes,
I thée defie, and here renounce thy lawes,
My wicked thoughts, my vile and naughty waies,
And eke my vice doe to thy lot befall,
From thée they came, doe take them to thee all.

To thée, O earth, agayne I do restore,
My carrion corpes, which from thée did procéede:
Because it did neglect all godly lore,
Let grédy wormes vpon it alwayes féede;
Let it in filth consume and rot away,
And so remaine vntil the iudgement day.

But my poore soule, whō Christ most déerly bought
Which hated sinne, and loathed to offend,
Together with ech good and godly thought,
Into thy handes, sweete Iesu, I commend.
O sauiour Christ, doe guide my steppes so well,
That after death, she still with thée may dwell.

## *A Complaynt of a Louer.*

IF euer wofull wight had cause, to pipe in bitter smart,
I which am thrall to Cupids lawes, with him may beare a part.
Whose ioyful dayes alas, are gone; whom daily cares doe tosse,
But wote yée why I thus take on: my lucke is turnde to losse.

Crecruell loue my heart posseſt, no cares did vexe my head,
But ſince he harboured in my breſt, my golden dayes are fled.
Time was when fortune did allow, great gladneſſe to my ſhare,
But ah, for that time is not, now doth grow my cauſe of care.
Time was when I liude in delight, and reapt of ioyes my fill:
But now time is, worſes me deſpite, would waſte had tarried ſtill.
No hap ſo hard, no griefe ſo great, whereof I fæle not part,
Now ſhiuering colde, now flaming heate, anoyes my wofull heart.
So that hope is the onely ſtay, on which my life dependes.
Which if it once be tane away, my date of liuing ends.
God graunt my hope, ſuch hap may ſee, that good ſucceſſe enſue,
Which if it long prolonged be, through griefe I die, adiew.

## *For his friende.*

I That in frædome liued of late,
And neuer ſtoupt to Cupids lure,
Haue now made change of my eſtate,
And thouſand torments doe endure.
As late abrode I caſt my lookes,
In fancies lune I faſt was cought,
And beauty with her bayted hookes,
Hath me alas in bondage brought.
I loue, but lacke the thing I craue,
I liue, but want my chiefeſt good,
I hope, but hap I cannot haue,
I ſerue, but ſtarue for want of foode.
Then ſo to loue, what ſtate more yll:
Such life affoordes ſmall time of ioy.
Such wauering hope doth often kill,
To ſerue and ſtarue what worſe anoy:
Yet wil I loue whiles life doth laſt,
And liue whiles any hope remaines,
And hope when diſmal dayes are paſt,
To haue reward for all my paynes.

Loe

Loe thus I liue by hope ſuſtaynd,
Yet through diſpayre, die euery houre,
In ſorow glad, in pleaſure painde,
Now fed with ſweete, now choakt with ſowre.
Deare Dame in humble ſort I ſew,
Since mine eſtate to you is knowen,
Voutſafe my dolefull caſe to rew,
And ſaue his life who is your owne.

## *Somewhat made of nothing, at a*

### Gentlewomans requeſt

YE gladly would haue me to make you ſome toy,
And yet will not tel me wherof I ſhould write:
The ſtrangenes of this doth breed me anoy,
And makes me to ſéeke what things to endite.
If I ſhould write raſhly what comes in my braine,
It might be ſuch matter as likes you not beſt,
And rather I would great ſorow ſuſtayne,
Then not to fulfill your lawfull requeſt.
Two dangers moſt doubtful oppreſſe me alike,
Ne am I reſolued to which I might yéelde,
Wherfore by perforce I am forced to ſéeke,
This ſlender deuice to ſerue for my ſhield.
Since nothing yée geue me to buſie my brayne,
Nothing but your nothing of me can yée craue.
Wherfore now receiue your nothing agayne,
Of nothing, but nothing, what els would yée haue.

## *Of the inſtability of Fortune.*

WHo wiſely waies falſe fortunes fickle change,
Which in ſhort ſpace turnes loue to mortal hate,
Shall find ſmal cauſe to déem it wondrous ſtrange,
To fléete from happie life to worſe eſtate.
For whie her ſwéete is alwaies mixt with ſowre,
If now ſhé fawne, ſhe frowns within an houre,

Her

Her ſmiles are wyles to cauſe men hope for hap,
Her traynes breede paynes, though pleaſant be the ſhow,
Him whom ſhée now doth dandle in her lap,
Straightway ſuſtaines a wretched ouerthrow.
And whom thou ſeeſt at fote of whéele downe caſt,
Within ſhort ſpace, ſhée hoyſeth vp as faſt.

The raging Seas which dayly ebbes and flowes,
The wauering winds, which blow now here now there,
More conſtant are then fortunes flattering vowes,
Who in one hoode, a double face doth beare.
To truſt her lookes, when ſhée doth ſleere or laugh,
Is nothing els but truſt a broken ſtaffe.

Pollicrates (as auncient writers tell)
On Fortunes whéele moſt highly was aduaunſte,
And many a yéere ſhée fauourd him ſo well,
That no ill hap long time vnto him chaunſt.
Yet in the end, to ſhew her double wayes,
With hemping roape, ſhée cauſde him end his dayes.

If thou wilt ſhun all ſorow and diſtreſſe,
By fortunes threates doe ſet but litle ſtore,
If thine affayres haue euer good ſucceſſe,
Yéeld hearty thankes to God thy Lorde therefore.
If great annoyes doe fall vpon thée faſt,
Thinke them due plagues for ſome offences paſt.

By prayer then make leuell with the Lorde.
Repentant hearts haue mercie when they call:
Loue him with feare, delight to reade his worde,
So great good haps vnto thée will befall.
So ſhalt thou leade thy life without annoyes,
And after death poſſeſſe eternal ioyes.

Of

## Of the vanitie of this life.

I Reade in Poets faigned bookes,
That wise Vlysses wandring came,
Where Circes through her fawning lookes,
Did worke his men a spightfull shame.
She caused them quaffe great bowles of wine,
And presently they turnde to swine.

But hée which followed vertue still,
Refusde to taste this proffered charme,
And would not worke her beastly will,
As one that doubted farther harme.
Her witchcraftes and enchantmentes straunge,
Were not of force this man to chaunge.

The world with his alluring toyes,
Is Circes witch of whome they write:
Which temptes vs with her sugred ioyes,
And makes vs swimme in such delight,
That wée so play with pleasures ball,
As if there were no God at all.

If man would way, what enemies
Are alwayes prest him to deuoure,
Yée thinkes from sinne hée should arise,
And make defence with all his power.
For why, the world, the flesh, and deuill,
Doe neuer cease to worke vs euill.

These so bewitch our foolish braines,
That nought wee force eternall paine:
And euery one in sinne remaines,
As if hell were a fable vaine,
Alas wée are seduced so,
That all true hearts do bléede for woe.

# Gilloflowers.

The ſhéepe doth yéerely yéelde his fléece,
The plodding Ore the plow doth draw:
And euery thing in willing wiſe,
Kéepes and obayes dame Natures law:
But man in witte, which ſhould excell,
Againſt his Lord doth ſtill rebell.

Ech doth deferre from day to day,
And thinkes the morow to amend:
But death areſtes vs by the way,
And ſodainly ſome makes their end.
O wretched caſe that they bée in,
Which die, and not lament their ſinne?

Thou ſilly man, ſtill feare the Lord,
Thy former ſinnes with ſpéede forſake:
The iudgement day in minde record,
In which ech ſoule account muſt make,
Confeſſe thy faultes to God therefore,
Repent, amend, and ſinne no more.

# Of the vanitie of the world.

AS I lay muſing in my bed,
A heape of fancies came in head,
Which greatly did moleſt mée.
Such ſundry thoughtes of ioy and paine,
Did méete within my pondring braine,
That nothing could I reſt mée.
Sometimes I felt exceeding ioy,
Sometimes the torment of annoy,
Euen now I laugh, euen now I wéepe,
Euen now a ſlumber made mee ſléepe.

Thus

Thus did I with thoughtes of straunge deuice,
Lye musing alone in pensiue wise:
I knew not what meanes might health procure,
Nor finish the toyle I did indure.
And still I lay, and found no way,
That best could make my cares decay.

Reuoluing these thinges in my minde,
Of wretched world the fancies blinde:
Alone a while I ponder:
Which when I had perused well,
And saw no vertue there to dwell,
It made mée greatly wonder.
Is this that gwdly thing (thought I)
That all men loue so earnestly?
Is this the fruit that it doth yéelde,
Whereby wée all are so beguilde?
Ah Jesus, how then my heart did rue,
Because I had folowed them, as true.
Alas wée haue lost the heauenly ioyes,
And haue béene deceaued with worldly toyes:
Whose fancies vaine, will bréede vs paine,
If Christ doe not restore againe.

O wretched man, leaue off therefore,
In worldly thinges put trust no more.
Which yéelds no thing but sorow:
To God thy Lord with spéede conuert,
Because thou most vncertain art:
If thou shalt liue to morow,
Leaue of to quaffe, to daunce and play,
Remember still the iudgement day,
Repent, relent, and call for grace,
For pardon aske, whilst thou hast space.

Who doeth from his heart repentaunce craue,
Forgiuenes (saieth Christ) of mée shall haue.
Hée will not the death of a sinner giue:
But rather hée should repent and liue.
Stil laud the Lord, peruse his word,
And let thy déedes with it accord.

## A Lesson for all estates.

HAst thou desire thy golden dayes to spend,
In blissfull state exempt from all annoyes?
So liue, as if death now thy life should end,
Still treade the pathes that leade to perfect ioy.
Bée slow to sinne, but spédie to alke grace,
Yow are they blest that thus runne out their race.

Ech night, ere sléepe shut vp thy drowsie eyes,
Thinke thou how much in day thou hast transgrest:
And pardon craue of God in any wise,
To doe that's good, and to forsake the rest.
Sinne thus shake of, the fiend for enuie wéepes,
Sound are our ioyes, most quiet are our sléepes.

Haue not thy head so cloyd with worldly cares,
As to neglect that thou shouldst chiefly minde:
But beare an eye to Sathans wily snares:
Who to beguile, a thousand slights will finde,
Vaine are the ioyes that wretched world allowes,
Who trust them most, doe trust but rotten bowes.

Shunne filthy vice, persist in doing well,
For doing well doth godly life procure:
And godly life makes vs with Christ to dwell,
In endlesse blisse that euer shall endure.

Wée pray thée Lord, our follyes to redresse,
That wée thus dos, thus liue, this blisse possesse.

## A Dreame.

IN pleasaunt moneth of gladsome May
I walkt abroad to view
The fieldes, which nature had bedeckt
With flowers of sundry hew.
The sight whereof did recreate
My senses in such sort,
As passeth far beyond my power,
Whereof to make reporte.
Then sat I nére a pleasaunt wood,
And listened with desire:
Unto the small birdes chirping charme,
Which set my heart on fire.
Of Goldefinch and of Nightingale
I there might heare the voyce:
The Wren, the Robin and the thrush.
Did make a heauenly noyse.
Whose swéete melodious harmonie
My senses so bereft,
That I in this delightfull plot,
A pray to sléepe was left.
In slumber mine an auncient dame,
Before my face appeares:
Whose hollow chéekes and wrinckled face,
Did argue many yéeres.
Her vesture was as white as snow,
Her countenaunce very sad,
It semed by her watry eine,
Some inward griefe shée had.

For why, great ſtreames of trickling teares,
Diſtilled downe her cheekes,
And thus to mee with trembling voyce,
This aged beldam ſpeakes.
My friende (quoth ſhee) bee not diſmayd,
At this my ſodaine ſight,
Ne let the ſpeeches I ſhall vſe,
Thy fearefull minde affright.
I am not of the furies brode,
Ne damned ſpyrites of hell:
But hee through whome my being is,
Aboue the ſkies doth dwell.
And Lady Concord I am calde,
From forraine Realmes exilde:
Once mutual Loue my husband was,
And plentie was our childe:
But, ah, quod ſhee, a hagge of hell,
That long hath ſought their ſpoyle
Hath ſlaine them both, vnleſſe they dwell,
Within your engliſh ſoyle.
Herewith there yſſued from her eine,
Of teares abundant ſtraye:
And ſighes ſo ſtopt her feeble voyce,
That ſhee could ſpeake no moye.
The ſight wherof (mee thought) did rayſe,
Great dolours in my breaſt:
Yet praying her for to proceede,
She thus her minde expreſt.
Vile Couetouſneſſe that furie fell,
Hath wrought vs all this woe:
To Concord and to Mutuall Loue,
Shee is a deadly foe.
Time was, when wee were well eſteemde,
And calde each countries ſtay:
But Couetouſneſſe now rules the roaſt,
And beareth all the ſway.

And were it not that in this land,
I finde some small relieſe:
I had bæne dead long ere this time,
Through greatneſſe of my græfe.
Debate and rancour night and day,
On this vile Dame attend,
Whom ſhée to worke her beaſtly will,
About the world doth ſend.
Theſe two haue raiſde ſuch warre and ſtrife,
In partes beyond the Seas,
That now few nations in the earth,
Enioy their woonted peace.
Now gold is reuerenced as a God,
Eche hunts for priuat gayne.
Men care not how their ſoules ſhall ſpéede,
So wealth they may attaine.
Of conſcience now, few make account,
Him men eſtéeme moſt wiſe:
Which to beguile his neighbour poore,
Can craftieſt meanes deuiſe.
This ſayd, mée thought the auncient dame,
Did vaniſh ſtraight away.
And I awaking héerewithall,
Went home without delay,
Where taking paper, penne, and inke,
With ſpéede I there enrolde:
The circumſtaunce of all the tale,
That Concord to mée tolde.
Which makes me wiſh that euery one,
Would mutuall loue imbrace:
And that no ſpots of couetouſneſſe,
With ſlime their déedes deface.

## A Dreame.

LAyd in my quiet bed to reſt,
When ſléepe my ſenſes all had drowned;

Such dreames arose within my breast,
As did with feare my minde confound.
Mée thought I wandred in a wood,
Which was as darke, as pitte of hell:
In midst whereof such waters stode,
That where to passe, I could not tell.
The Lion, Tiger, Wolfe, and Beare,
There thundered forth such hideous cries:
As made huge Eccoes in the ayre,
And seemed almost to pearce the skies.
Long vext with care I there abood,
And to get forth I wanted power:
At euery foote steppe that I trood,
I feard some beast would mée deuoure.
Abyding thus perplext with paine,
This case within my selfe I scand,
That humaine helpe was all in vaine,
Unlesse the Lord with vs doe stand.
Then falling flatte vpon my face,
In humble sorte to God I prayde:
That in this darke and dreadfull place,
Hée would vouchsafe to bee mine ayde.
Arising then a wight with winges,
Of auncient yéeres mée thinkes I sée:
A burning torch in hand hée bringes,
And thus beganne to speake to mée.
That God, whose ayde thou didst implore,
Hath sent mée hither for thy sake:
Plucke vp thy spirites, lament no more,
With mée thou must thy iourney take.
Against a huge and loftie hill,
With swiftest pace mée thinkes wée goe:
Where such a sound mine eares did fill,
As moued my heart to bléede for woe.
Mée thought I heard a woefull wight,
In dolefull sorte poure forth great plaintes:

Whose cries did so my minde affright,
That euen with feare ech member faintes.
Fie (quoth my guyd) what meanes this thange,
Passe on a pace with courage bolde,
Hereby doth stand a prison strange,
Where wunderous thinges thou maist beholde.
Then came we to a fort of brasse,
Where péering through greate iron grates,
We saw a woman sit alas,
Which ruthfully bewaylde her fates.
Her face was farre more white then snow,
And on her head a crowne shée ware,
Beset with stones that glistered so,
As hundred torches had bene there.
Her song was woe, and weale away,
What torments here doe I sustayne?
A new mishap did her dismay,
Which more and more increast her payne,
An vggly creature all in blacke,
Ran to her seate, and flang her downe,
Who rent her garments from her backe,
And spoyld her of her precious crowne.
This crowne he plaste vpon his hed,
And leauing her in dolefull case,
With swiftest pace away he fled:
And darknesse came in all the place.
But then to heare the wofull moue,
And piteous grones that she forth sent,
Ye had no doubt, a heart of stone,
That could geue eare and not lament,
Then (quoth my guide) note well my talke,
And thou shalt heare this dreame declard:
The wood in which thou first didst walke,
Unto the world may be comparde.
The roaring beasts plainly expresse,
The sundry snares in which we fall,

This Gaole is named deepe distresse,
In which Dame vertue lies as thrall.
Shee is the wight which heere within,
So dolefully doth houle and crie,
Her foe is called deadly sinne,
That proffered her this villany.
My name is Time, whom God hath sent,
To warne thee of thy soules decay,
In time therefore thy sinnes lament,
Least time from thee be tane away.
As soone as he these woordes had sayd,
With swiftest pace away he flies,
And I hereat was so afrayde,
That drousie sleepe forsoke mine eyes.

## For a Gentlewoman.

LIke as a forte or fenced towne.
By foes assault that lies in field,
When Bulwarkes all are beaten downe,
Is by perforce constraynde to yeelde,
So I that could no while withstand,
The battery of your pleasant loue,
The flagge of truce tooke in my hande,
And meant your mercy for to proue.
My foolish fancie did enforce,
Me first to like your friendly sute,
Whiles your demaunds bred such remorce,
That I coulde not the same refute.
I bad you take with free consent,
All that which true pretence might craue.
And you remaynde as one content,
The thing obtaynd that you would haue.
Such friendly lookes and countenance fayre,
You freely then to me profest.

As

As if all troth that euer were,
Had harboured beene within your breſt.
And I which ſaw ſuch perfect ſhewes,
Of fraudleſſe fayth in you appeare.
Did yeelde my ſelfe to Cupids Lawes,
And ſhewde likewiſe a merrie cheere.
No louing toyes I did withholde,
And no ſuſpect did make me doubt.
Til your demeanure did vnfolde,
The wilie traines ye went about.
Who ſees a ruinous houſe to fall,
And will not ſhift to get him thence.
When limmes be cruſht, and broken all.
Its then too late to make defence.
When pleaſant baite is ſwallowed downe.
The hooked fiſh is ſure to die,
On theſe Dames Fortune oft doe frowne,
As truſt too farre before they trie.
Of had I will, who makes his moane,
Its ten to one he neuer thriues,
When theeues are from the Gibbet throwne,
No pardon then can ſaue they'r liues.
Such good aduice as comes too late,
May wel be calde, Sir fore wits fooles:
Elswhere goe play the coſoning mate,
I am not now to goe to ſchoole.
But cleerely doe at length diſcerne,
The marke to which your bow is bent,
And theſe examples ſhall me warne,
What harme they haue that late repent.
Your ſugred ſpeech was but a baite,
Wherwith to bleare my ſimple eyes,
And vnder them did lurke deceipt,
As poyſon vnder hony lies.
Wherefore ſince now your drift is knowne,
Goe ſet your ſnaule ſome other where:

I may

I may not so be ouerthrowne,
Your double dealings make me feare.
When steede by theeues is stolne away,
I wil not then the doore locke fast,
Wherfore depart without delay,
Your worde is winde, your loue is waste.
And this shalbe the finall doome,
That I to your request will giue,
Your loue in me shall haue no roome,
Whiles life and breath shal make me liue.

## For a Gentlewoman.

WHat luckelesse lot had I alas,
To plant my loue in such a soyle,
As yéelds no corne nor fruitfull grasse,
But crops of care, and brakes of toyle?
When first I chose the plot of ground,
In which mine Anchor fixed was,
I thought it stable, firme, and sound,
But found it sande and slime at last.
Like as the Fouler with his gynnes,
Beguiles the birdes that thinke no yll,
By fyled speech: so diuers winnes
The simple sort to worke their will.
But I, whom good aduice hath taught,
To shun their snares and subtle charmes,
Am not into such danger brought,
But that I can eschew the harmes.
The skilfull Faulconer still doth proue,
And prayse that hawke which makes best flying,
So I by some that seemd to loue,
Haue had the prowfe of such a tryall.
From all they did pursue their game,
With swiftest wyng and egar mindes,

But

But when in midſt of flight they came,
They turnde their traynes againſt the winde.
Yée haggards ſtraunge therefore adiew,
Goe ſéeke ſome other for your mate,
Yée falſe your faith and proue vntrue,
I like and loue the ſole eſtate.
Like as Vliſſes wandring men,
In red ſeas as they paſt along,
Did ſtoppe their eares with ware as then,
Againſt the ſuttle Mermayds ſongue.
So ſhall their crafty filed talke,
Here after finde no liſtning eare,
I will byd them goe packe and walke,
And ſpend their words ſome otherwhere.
By proofe experience tels me now,
What fickle truſt in them remaynes,
And tract of time hath learnd me how,
I ſhould eſchew their wylie traines.
Such as are bound to Louers toyes,
Make ſhipwracke of theyr frædome ſtill,
They neuer taſt but brittle ioyes:
For one good chance a thouſand yll.
Ceaſe now your ſutes and gloze no more,
I meane to leade a Virgins life:
In this of pleaſure find I ſtore,
In doubtfull ſutes but care and ſtrife.

## A Godly diſcourſe.

LIke as the wight farre banifhed from his ſoyle,
In countrey ſtrange, oppreſt with griefe & pain,
Doth nothing way his long and weary toyle,
So that ye may come to his home againe:
And not accounts of perils great at hand,
For to attayne his owne deſired land.

Such is the ſtate of vs thy ſeruantes all,
(Moſt gratious God) that here on earth do dwell:
We baniſht were through Adams curſed fall,
From place of bliſſe, euen to the pit of hell:
Our vice and ſinnes, as markes and ſignes wee haue,
Which ſtill we beare, and ſhal doe to our graue.

When that all hope of remedy was paſt,
For our redreſſe when nothing could be founde:
Thine onely ſonne, thou didſt ſend downe at laſt,
To ſalue this ſore, and heale our deadly wound:
Yet did they pleaſe to vſe him as a meane,
Vs baniſht wights for to call home agayne.

And for becauſe thy Godhead thought it méete,
The ſacred booke of thy moſt holy wil,
Thou didſt vs leaue a lanterne to our féete,
To light our ſteppes, in this our voyage ſtill,
Directing vs what to eſchew or take:
All this thou doeſt, for vs vile ſinners ſake.

Graunt vs ſound fayth, that we take ſtedfaſt holde,
On Chriſt his death which did our raunſome pay.
So ſhall we ſhun the daungers manifold,
Which would vs let, and cauſe vs run aſtray.
The wicked world, the fleſh, the Diuell and all,
Are ſtumbling blockes, ech howre to make vs fall.

This Dungeon vile of Sathan is the neſt,
A Denne of dole, a ſinke of deadly ſinne.
Heauen is the hauen in which we hope to reſt,
Death is the doore whereby we enter in.
Sweete Sauiour, graunt that ſo wée liue to die,
That after death, we liue eternally.

# In the praiſe of Muſike.

THe bookes of Ouids changed ſhapes,
A ſtory ſtrange doe tell,
Yow Orpheus to fetch his wife,
Made voyage vnto hell.
Who hauing paſt olde Charons boate,
Vnto a Pallace came,
Where dwelt the Prince of damned ſprites,
Which Pluto had to name.
When Orpheus was once ariude
Before the Regall throne:
Ye playde on Harpe, and ſang ſo ſweete,
As moude them all to mone.
At ſound of his melodious tunes,
The very ſoules did mourne,
Yxion with his whirling wheele,
ſtode ſtill and would not turne:
And Tantalus did not aſſay,
The fleeting flodes to taſte:
The ſiſters with their hollow ſiues,
For water made no haſte.
The greedy Vulturs that are fayndc,
On Titius heart to gnawe,
Left off to feede: and ſtoode amaſde,
When Orpheus they ſawe.
And Syſyphus which roules the ſtone,
Agaynſt a mighty hill,
Whyles that his muſike did endure,
Gaue eare, and ſate him ſtil.
The furies eke which at no time,
Were ſeene to weepe before,
Were moude to moane his heauy happe,
And ſhedde of teares greate ſtore.

If muſicke with her notes diuine,
So great remorce can moue,
I deeme that man bereft of wits,
which muſike will not loue.
She with her ſiluer ſounding tunes,
Reuiues mans dulled ſprites,
Shee feedes the eare: shee fils the heart,
With choice of rare delights.
Yer ſugred deſcant doth withdraw,
Thy minde from earthly toyes,
And makes thee feele within thy breſt,
A taſt of heauenly ioyes.
The Planets and Celeſtiall partes,
Swéete harmony containe,
Of which if creatures were depriud,
This world could not remayne.
It is no doubt, the very déede
Of golden melodie,
That neighbours doe together liue
In loue and vnitie.
Where man and wife agrées in one,
Swéete muſike doth abound,
But when ſuch ſtringes begin to iarre,
Unpleaſant is the ſound.
Amongſt all ſortes of harmony,
none doth ſo well accord,
As when we liue in perfect feare,
And fauour of the Lord.
Who graunt vnto vs ſinfull wightes,
Sufficient power and might,
According to his mercy great,
To tune this ſtring aright.

Aplea-

# A pleaſaunt Ieſt.

SOmetimes in Fraunce it did ſo chaunce,
One that did ſeruice lacke:
A country clowne went vp and downe,
With fardell on his backe.
When that this ſwad long trauailde had,
Some ſeruice to require:
His fortune was, as hee did paſſe,
A farmar did him hire.
When Aprill ſhowres, ỳ brings May flowers,
Made ſpring time bud and ſprout:
This country ſwaine, for maiſters gaine,
Did ride his fieldes about:
Now as he road, in ground abroad,
In prime of pleaſaunt ſpring:
Yard by their towne, this country clowne,
Did heare two cuckoes ſing:
One of them ſat faſt by a gate,
In their towne fielde, which ſtode
In place néereby, hée might diſcry
The other in a wood.
Theſe Cuckoes ſéemde, as lobcocke déemde,
With enuie to contend:
Which of them twaine, in playne ſong vaine,
The other could amend.
Thus ſange they long, their wonted ſong,
Their townefielde Cuckoes throate
Was nothing cléer, which chaungd the chéere
Of farmers man, God wote.
His horſe hée ties, and faſt hée hies,
Vpon a trée to ſtand:

And made a noyſe, with Cuckoes voyce,
To get the vpper hand.
Yée thought not good, hée of the wood,
Should beare away the prayſe:
To make him yéeld, to him of fielde,
Himſelfe the Cuckoe playes:
Cuckoe, quoth hée, vpon the trée,
And cuckoe, cuckoe ſayde,
With cuckoe, cuckoe, & cuck cuck cuckoe,
Long time theſe cuckoes playde.
As they thus ſtand, from woodes at hand
Two wolues for pray that ſought,
By chaunce eſpyed, the horſe faſt tyed,
That lobcocke thither brought,
To him they hye, and preſently,
In péeces did him teare:
Whereat amaſde, the lobcocke gazde,
And piſt himſelfe for feare.
When Wolues were gone, comming downe anone,
Homewardes hée hide with ſpéede:
And there doth tell, all that befell,
Of this vnluckie déede.
His maiſter ſwore, being wroth therfore,
Ye would none other nay,
But that the ſlaue, and fooliſh knaue,
The price of horſe ſhould pay.
But to procéed, it was agréed,
The wiues that there did dwell,
The caſe ſhould ſcan, of this poore man,
If hée did ill or well.
If being ſéene, hée did it in
Defence of all the towne:
With one intent, they gaue conſent,
For to accquite the clowne.
They eke him gaue a garland braue,
Adorned with many a roſe:

And

And great and small, him captaine call
Of Cuckoes, where he goes.
Now in my minde, hée were vnkinde,
That would wish any ill:
Vnto a wight, in townships right,
That shewd so great goodwill.

## A Newyeeres gift to a Gentlewoman.

IF pure goodwill, not meaning ill, might boldly, might
Presume to tell his minde: (boldly,
I wold not vse, in terms diffuse, thus coldly, thus coldly
To shelv my selfe a friend.
But now adayes, so sinne preuailes,
That fayth decaies, and friendship fayles,
Most men are so infected with ielous musing braines,
That trust as one reiected, forsaken cleane remaines,
And thinges are construed cleane awry,
When nought was meant but honestie.

Thus much I say, as by the way, reciting, reciting,
What daunger may ensue:
Because that I suspiciously, in writing, in writing,
Doe send my minde to you.
Some wilt surmise, that I pretend,
By such deuice some naughtie end:
But let them speak and spare not, I force it not a beane,
For al their talke I care not, whilst guiltles I remaine.
Such as haue not transgrest the lawes,
Doe neuer feare to plcade their cause.

But now, sweete heart, it is my part, to open, to open,
The summe of mine intent:

I send this bil, for pure goodwill, in token, in token,
That former yeere is spent.
It is in deede a simple shift:
To serue in steede of ne wyeeres gift,
Though slenderly I make it, your pardon let mee haue,
If in good part you take it, no more of you I craue:
So shall you binde mee day by day,
To pleasure you in what I may.

But I offend, such words to spend, in seeking, in seeking,
That you should pardon mee:
If oft I doe, that breedes in you, misliking, misliking,
Corrected let mee bee.
My selfe to you I yeelde and giue,
As prisoner true, whilst that I liue:
So may you be reuenged, for my presumptuous heart:
Which hath perhaps offended, to play so leawd a part,
Condemne mee to bee prisoner still,
So may you boldly worke your will.

(stay not
Proceede my deere, the case is cleere, now stay not, now
Giue iudgement out of hand:
If you ordaine, perpetuall paine, I way not, I way not,
Your iust decree shall stand.
And if you will award it so,
That I must now to prison go:
Your heart shall bee the prison, wherin I will abyde,
Untill by right and reason, my case bee throughly tride.
O God, how happy should I bee,
If such a gaile enclosed mee:

## A delectable Dreame.

As late abroad asleepe I lay,
Mee thought I came by wondrous chaunce

Whereas

Whereas I heard a harper play,
And saw great store faeries daunce.
I marched nére, drawne by delight,
And prest these gallant Dames among:
When as their daunce being ended quite,
Of him that playde they craue a song.
My presence nought appalde their minde,
Yée tunde his harpe, his voyce was clére:
And as a foe to woman kind,
Ye sang this song that foloweth héere.

A Womans face is full of wiles,
Her teares are like the Crocadill:
With outward chére on thée shée smiles,
When in her heart shée thinkes thée ill.
Yer tongue still chattes of this and that,
Then aspine leafe it wagges more fast
And as she talkes shée knowes not what,
There ysslues many a troathlesse blast.
Thou sarre doest take thy marke amisse,
If thou thinke fayth in them to finde:
The Wethercocke more constant is,
Which turnes about with every winde.
O, how in pittie they abound!
Their heart is milde, like marble stone,
If in thy selfe no hope bée found,
Be sure of them thou gettest none.
I know some pepernosed dame
Will tearme mée fole and sawcie iack,
That dare their credit so defame,
And lay such slaunders on their backe.
What though on mée they powre their spite,
I may not vse the glosers trade,
I cannot say the crow is white,
But néedes must call a spade a spade.

O. Hérewith

Yéerewith his tongue and mulish teast,
The Faeries all on him did frowne:
A stately dame amongst the rest,
Upon her face falles prostrate downe.
And to the Gods request did make,
That some great plagues might bée assind
To him, that all might warning take,
How they speake ill of womankind.

Yéerewith (a wonder to bée tolde)
His fæte stoode fast vpon the ground.
His face was neither young, noroldé,
His harpe vntoucht, would yeld no sound.
Long hayre did grow about his scull,
His skinne was white, his blood was read,
His paunch with guts was bombast full,
No dogge had euer such a head.
His coulour oft did goe and come,
His eies did stare as hée did stand:
Also foure fingers and a thombe,
Right now bée seene in eyther hand.
His tongue likewise was plagued sore,
For that it played this péeuish parte,
Because it should offend no more,
'Twas tyed with stringes vnto his heart.
Yet in his mouth aboad shée still,
His téeth like walles did kéepe her in:
Which now grinde meate, much like a mill,
His lippes were placde aboue his chinne.
Thus was hée chaungd, that none him knew,
But for the same hée was before:
By silent signes hée séemde to sue,
That Gods would now torment no more.
And hée would there without delayes,
Recant all that, which erst hée spake.

Hée-

Hée pardoned is, on harpe hée playes,
And pzesently this songue did make.

AMongst all creatures bearing life,
A woman is the woꝛthyest thing:
Shée is to man a faythfull wife:
Shée mother was to Chꝛist our king.
If late by mæ they were accusde,
I haue therefoꝛe receiued my hyꝛe:
Unlesse they greatly bée abusde,
They neuer are repleate with yꝛe.
They neither chide, fight, bꝛawle, noꝛ lye,
The gentlest creatures vnder sunne:
When men doe square foꝛ euery fly,
To make them friends the women runne,
And where they chaunce to fire their loue,
They neuer swaꝛue, oꝛ sake foꝛ chaunge:
No new perswasions can them moue,
Tis men that haue desire to raunge.
Like Turtles true they loue their spowse,
And doe their duties euery way:
They fée good oꝛders in the house,
When hysbands are abꝛoad at play.
And to conclude they Angells are,
Though héere on earth they doe remaine,
Their glittering hew, which shines like Star,
And bewtie bꝛaue declares it playne.

This sayde, the Faeries laught,
And seemd in countenance very glad,
To speake my minde, I then had thought.
How some were good, and some were bad,
But (marke ill happe) a friend came by,
Who as hée found mée sléeping so,
Did call mée vp with voyce so hye,
That slumber swéete I did foꝛgoe.

# Giffordes

## To his moſt faythfull friend.

A Thing moſt ſtraunge to tell, of late did chaunce to me:
whiles ẏ I toke my pen in hãd, to wꝛit my mind to thée,
As I had thought in haſt to pach a verſe oꝛ two,
Without regarde, as common friends, accuſtomd oft to doe:
I could not foꝛ my life, mine eies ſo waking kéepe,
But that a ſodain ſlumber came, which made mée kal aſléep,
In dꝛeame I ſéemde to ſée, appéare befoꝛe mine eine,
A comely Lady well be ſéene, attirde in decent wiſe,
Moſt modeſt were her lookes, moſt chérefull eke her face,
We thought therin was picturd out, a wꝛothy matrõs grace.
O thankleſſe wꝛetch, ſhée ſaid, and canſt thou ſo neglect
My wꝛothy lawes? is there to thée offrends no mꝛe reſpect
Doſt know to whome thou wꝛitteſt: is he a common freude?
Suffiſeth it in cõmon ſoꝛt, that thou ſhouldſt ſhew thy mind.
Hath his deſarts deſerude of thée no better mãde?
Is this due guerdon foꝛ ẏ loue, which did from him pꝛocéed?
In that he hath in déedes, byn alwaies friend to thée,
Let him peceiue by friendly wꝛords, thée thankful ſtil to be.
Helookes not foꝛ thy déeds, he knowes thy power is ſmal. (al:
And wilt thou then depꝛiue him, wꝛetch, of wꝛords, of déeds &
Bꝛute beaſts requite good turnes, it cannot be denied.
Wilt thou thẽ be vngrateful, which haſt reaſõ foꝛ thy guid:
Shal friendſhip dwell in beaſts, and men be found vnkinde:
Shal they foꝛ loue, ſhew loue agayn, & thou foꝛget thy friend:
With that ſhée gaue a becke, and bad me to awake.
And ſaid, doe ſhew thy thankful mind, & ſo requitall make.
Herewith ſhée did depart, my ſlumber paſt away,

I felt my cheéks bedewd wᵭ teares, through woꝛds ẏ she did saẏ
Her bitter sharpe rebukes, did make me muse a space,
Chiefly in that they did proceéde, out from so fayꝛe a face.
But then I cald to minde, that Gratitude she was,
That thãkful Dame whose custom is frõ friend to friend to passe.
I toke my pen in hand, with purpose to declare
The Circumstance of this my dꝛeame, wᵭ cloyd my hed with care.
Herein also I thought her pꝛecepts to obeẏ,
And al the plot of thy deserts, most largelẏ to displaẏ,
But when my dꝛeame was done, I found such litle stoꝛe:
Of paper, that I could not haue, wherin to wꝛite the moꝛe.

## ¶ *One that had a frowarde Husband,*

makes complaynt to her mother: Written
*in French, by Clement Marott,*

AND is there any wight aliue,
That rightly may compare,
Oꝛ goe beyond me silly wꝛetch,
In sadnesse and in care?
Some such may be, but this I saẏ,
One must goe farre to seéke,
To finde a woman in this woꝛlde,
Whose griefe to mine is like:
Oꝛ hath so iust a cause of moane,
In dumps of déepe despite,
I linger on my loathsome life,
Depꝛiued of all delight.
Men saẏ the Phœnix is a birde,
Whose like cannot beé found,
I am the Phœnix in this woꝛlde,
Of that those care doth wound.

And he that worke me all this woe,
May be the Phœnix well,
Of all enraged senselesse wightes,
That in the earth doe dwell.
I moane not here as Dido did,
Being stryken at the heart,
As worthy Virgill doeth recorde,
With dint of Cupids dart.
Nor in my playnts some Louer name,
As Sappho did of yore:
But husband is the cause hereof,
Which makes my griefe the more.
For Louers if they like vs not,
We may cast of agayne,
But with our husbandes (good or bad)
Till death we must remayne.
I doe not speake these wordes, as if
His death I did desire,
But rather that it might please God,
His thoughts so to enspire,
That he might vse me as he ought,
Or as I doe deserue,
Since that I him (as duety byndes)
Doe honour, loue, and serue.
And seemes it not desert thinke you?
At his commaund to haue
The beauty greate and other giftes,
that nature to me gaue?
Is not desert, such one with him
In loyall bed to lie,
As alwayes hath most faythfull byn,
And will be till shee die:
To looke on him with cheerefull face,
to call him Spouse and friend,
To coll and kisse, all this hee hath,
With franke and willing mynde,

And

And all thinges els as God commaunds;
And duety doth allowe,
Yet am I dealt with at his handes,
Alas, I know not howe,
Yée thankleſſe man, doth ill for good,
Agaynſt all right and lawe,
Yée had of me good fruitfull Corne,
And payes mée chaffe and ſtraw,
For méeke and humble curteſie,
Fierce cruelty hée geues,
For loyalty, diſloyalty;
And that which moſt mée grieues,
Is when in ſwéete and humble ſorte,
I come to make my moane,
His heart no more is mollified,
Then is the Marble ſtone.
The cruell Lyon ready bent,
With pawes and téeth to teare,
When that the ſilly Hounde doeth yéelde,
His malice doeth forbeare.
When Attalus the Romayne hoſt
Did erſt ſubdue in field,
His heart to mercy was enclinde,
Aſſoone as they did yéelde.
Blacke Pluto eke the Prince of hell,
Uneaſie to bée woone,
When Orpheus had playde on harpe,
His rankour all was done.
By ſwéetneſſe and by curteſie,
What is not wrought alas,
Nerethleſſe the ſwéeteneſſe Feminine,
Which others all doth paſſe
Can nothing doe before the eyes,
Of my hardhearted féere,
The more that I ſubmit my ſelfe,
The ſtraunger is his chéere,

So that in wrongfull cruelty,
And spite he doth excel,
The Lions wilde, the Tyrants stoute,
And monsters eke of hel.
As ofte as I reuolue in mynde
The greatnesse of my harmes,
I thinke how forth the Fowler goes,
with swéete and pleasant charmes.
To take the birds, which once betrayd,
He eyther killes straight way,
Or kéepes them pende in pensiue cage,
That flie no more they may.
And so at first, I taken was,
By his swéete fléering face,
And now depriude of ioy alas:
I am handled in like case.
Now, if the birdes (as some auouch,
Doe curse his kéeper still,
In language his, why curse I not,
The Author of my yll.
That griefe doeth euer greater harme,
Which hidden lies in brest,
Then that which to some faithfull friend,
By speaking is expresst,
My sorowes then shall bée reuealde,
Some stedfast friend vnto,
My tongue thereby vnto my heart,
A pleasure greate may doe.
But vnto whom shoulde I disclose
My bondage and my thrall:
Unto my spouse? No surely no,
My gaynes shoulde bee but small,
Alas to whom then shoulde I moane:
Should I some Louer chuse,
Who in my sorowes and my griefes,
As partner I might vse?

Occations

Occasions great do counsell me
To put this same in vre:
Mine honour and mine honestie,
Forbid such rashnes sure.
Wherefore ye louers al, adew,
Unto some other goe:
I will obserue my vowed fayth,
Though to my greatest foe.
To whome shal I powre forth my plaints?
To you most louing mother:
For they by dutie do belong,
To you, and to none other.
To you I come to séeke relefe,
With moyst and wéeping eies:
Euen as the heart with thirst oppresst,
Unto the fountaine hies.
If any salue in all the world,
may serue to cure my wound:
Dame Nature sayes vndoubtedly,
In you it must be found.
Now if some succour may be had,
Assisted let me be,
But if it lie not in your power:
Yet spend some teares with me.
That yours with mine, & mine with yours
Might so kéepe moyst the flowre,
That erst procéeded from your wombe,
And wasteth euery houre.

## *His Friend W. C. to Mistres*

F. K. whom he calls his Captaine.

AS Souldiers good obey their captaines will,
And readie are to goe, to ride, or runne:

And neuer shrinke their duety to fulfill,
But what they byd, it by and by is done.
So rest I yours (good Captayne) to dispose,
When as you please, to combate with your foes.

Your foes, sayd I: alas what may they be,
That haue the heart, to harme so sweete a wight:
Who dare attempt to try his force with thée,
Shall conquerd be, ere he begin to fight.
Let thousand foes agaynst thee come in field,
Thy beauty great will make them all to yéeld.

To yéeld, sayd I: nay rather would they chose,
By thée subdude, to liue in bondage still,
Then lead such life as Conquerors doe vse,
In thy disgrace, and wanting thy good will.
But strike the drumme, & let the trumpet sound,
To take thy part, whole legions wil be found.

So many eares as euer heard thée speake:
So many eyes as haue thy feature bewde,
So many handes thy puysance hath made weake,
So many heartes thy beauty hath subdued,
Ech of these eares, ech eye, ech hand, ech heart,
(Swéet Captain) stil are prest to take thy part.

Ech eare, to heare when enuy séekes thy foyle:
Ech eye to spy who worketh thine anoy,
Ech hand, with blade to conquere them in broyle:
Ech gladsome heart, for victory to ioy.
Thus euery part the trusty friend will play,
For thy behoufe, whom God preserue alway.

The

# The complaynt of a ſinner.

LIke as the théefe in priſon caſt,
With wofull wayling mones,
When hope of pardon cleane is paſt,
And ſighes with dolefull grones:
So I a ſlaue to ſinne,
With ſobs and many a feare,
As one without thine ayde forlorne,
Before thy throne appeare.

O Lorde, in rage of wanton youth
My follies did abounde,
And eke, ſince that I knewe thy trueth,
My life hath béene vnſound.
Alas I doe confeſſe,
I ſée the perfect way,
Yet frayltie of my féeble fleſhe,
Doth make me run aſtray.

Aye me, when that ſome good deſire,
Woulde moue me to doe wel,
Affections fond make mée retire,
And cauſe me to rebell.
I wake, yet am aſléepe,
I ſée, yet ſtill am blinde,
In ill I runne with hedlong race,
In good I come behinde.

Loe thus in life I daily die,
And dying ſhall not liue,
Vnleſſe thy mercy ſpéedily,
Some ſúccour to me geue.
I die O Lorde, I die,
If thou doe mée forſake,

I shall be likened vnto those,
That fall into the lake.

When that one prop, or onely stay,
Holdes vp some house or wall:
If that the prop be tane away,
needes must the building fall.
O Lorde, thou art the prop,
to which I cleane and leane:
If thou forsake, or cast mée of,
I still shall liue in paine.

Although my hard and stony hart
Be apt to runne astray:
Yet let thy goodnesse mée conuert,
So shall I not decay:
Sweéte God doe rue my plaints,
And shéelde mée from annoy:
Thẽ my poore seule this life once past
Shall rest with thée in ioy.

## ¶ Of the vncontented estate of Louers.

Who so attempts to publish and display,
Of Cupids thrals the strange & awkward fits,
Doth seeke to count the sand amidst the Sea,
And wades beyond the compasse of his wits:
Whose griping greefes and passions to disclose,
Is to describe a world of care and woes.

More easie its to weild the weightie charge,
That Atlas hath in bearing vp the Skies:

They

Then to vnfolde, and picture out at large,
The vncouth cares in louers brests that lies.
Whose rest is toyle, whose ioy is endlesse greife,
They often sue, but sældome finde releefe.

Of Plutoes denne that vgly pit of hell,
Great griesly plague, and tormentes hath in store:
I dare auouch that those in loue which dwell,
Do tast them all, and twice as many more.
Which makes mée say, & not without good cause,
Thrice happlesse wights, that yéelde to Cupids (lawes.
As Aetna hill doth belke forth flakes of fire,
And hydeous sounds are harde within the same:
So Louers burne through inwarde hot desire,
And hollow sighes burst out amidst the flame:
Whose scorched harts dispaire and anguish gnaw
Lyke grædy Gripes, that peck Prometheus maw.

In mirth they moane, yet smile amidst their woe,
In fire they fréese, in frost they fry straightway:
Swift legges to runne, yet are not able goe,
Such is the state, in which poore Louers stay:
As houering hope dooth hoyst them vp on hye,
Feare clips their wings, so that they cannot flye.

They fayne in hell, one only plague to fall,
For iust reuendge to those that doe amisse:
But they that loue, are subiect to them all,
And neuer féele one lightning howre of blisse:
That (to conclude) thrice happy is their chaunce,
That neuer knew to treade the louers daunce.

# Giffordes
# A Newyeres gift to
## Mistresse C.P.

SWeet wight be glad, pluck vp your sprites,
Old Friendship is renewd:
Vilde Concord hath thrown down the broth,
That Discord lately brewd.
Fowle Enuie, Malice, and Debate,
In teares their time doe spend:
In that the platforme which they layde,
Came not to wished end.
The mightie Ioue, which ruleth all,
Their prayers heard, no doubt:
Else could not their hot kindled wrath,
So sone bee quenched out.
Thus farre their furie did preuaile,
A time and place was set,
Wheras at their appoynted houre,
To try it out, they met,
And dealt. For vowes had rashly pass,
So long foes to abide:
Untill the one, the others force,
In open field had tried:
I shrinke, to thinke what horror great,
Now gripes your heart through feare.
I seeme to see ech member quake,
As if yee had beene there:
To heare my muse vnto your eares.
This dolefull tale to tell.
Put feare to flight, cast care aside,
All things are ended well:
But Rancour vile, couldst thou powre forth,
Thy spite vpon none other:
But that to combat thou must bring,
My father and my brother:

And

And I my ſelfe with eies muſt ſée,
And view this dolefull ſight:
Goe packe, thou haſt ſuſtaind the foyle,
For all thy poyſoned might.
For by the blowes that they did giue,
Their friendſhip doth encreaſe,
And in their heartes eſtabliſht is,
An euerduring peace.
The ſéedes that thou in them didſt plant,
Are pluckt vp by the rote:
Thy ſiſter Diſcord neuer ſhall,
Againe ſet in her fote.
For if in dealing of their blowes,
Their handes had not bene bleſt:
A late repent had made them rew,
For harbouring ſuch a geſt.
But of vngrate diſcurteſies,
Wée iuſtly might complaine:
In that entreaties would not ſerue,
To make them friendes againe.
If in their mad and brainſicke heads,
Dame Reaſon had borne ſway:
But malice, rancour, and debate,
Had baniſht wit away.
So that occaſion of this broyle,
Was not our faythfull friendes:
But theſe forenamed furies fell,
And other helliſh fiendes.
Whoſe daily driftes are to deface,
Of friends the pure eſtate:
And makes them barbour in their hearts,
Great heapes of deadly hate:
In that things paſt, betwixt them are
Forgiuen and forgot:
Let vs imbrace and loue them ſo,
As if this happened not.

## Giffordes

If straunge it seeme, that straunger I,
in verse to you doe write:
Assure your selfe, it doeth proceede,
through greatnesse of delite,
That I conceaue in that I see,
them reconcilde so well,
Whome no perswasions latelie serude,
their furies to expell.
These simple verses to your viewe,
I haue thought good to sende,
In token of a good newyeere,
and so farewel, I ende.

## A straunge historie.

YEe that would heare a Story straunge
To this example rare,
Attentiuely take héede:
Which pictures héere, before your face,
A worthy wight indéede.
A Phenix well she may be calde,
Whose lyke cannot be founde,
Chast Camna was her name:
Endued with such comely giftes,
As none can tell the same.
All wiues that in those dayes did lyue,
This woman did excell:
In constant loue towardes her spouse,
As doth my Story tell.
Sinatus was her Husbande cald,
a gentleman by blood,
Whose graue aduice in time of néede,
did neighbours his much good.
In such chast loue this man and wife,
togither did remaine.

That no man could their ſpotleſſe life,
With any blot diſtaine.

In ſelfe ſame citie where they dwelt,
A tyrraunt vile bare rule:
Sinoris was his name,
Who being taken with her loue,
Did woe this worthy Dame.
When after many onſets giuen,
Hée had ſuſtaind repulſe,
His trauayle ſpent in vaine.
Her worthy ſpowſe Sinatus then
Hée cauſed to bée ſlaine.
For he ſurmiſde the feruent loue,
That ſhée to husband bare,
Did hinder him from his deſires,
And eke procurd his care.
This done, afreſh this tyrraunt vile,
Purſues in curſed ſuite
Of her: then that hée did before,
Hée reapes none other fruite.
The ſecret flames of Cupids fire,
Now broyled ſo in his breaſt:
That nought but Camma could reſtore,
Sinoris wonted reſt.

Reſolued fully was he then,
To take this dame to wife,
Though baſer in degrée:
When no meanes els could ſerue his turne,
To cracke her honeſtie.
Then ſuite was made vnto her friendes,
Who waying well his wealth,
Would haue her néedes conſent.
Shée after great denialles made,
At length did ſéeme content.

Sinoris, when he heard this newes,
Was passing measure glad:
And order gaue in al post hast,
For mariage to bee had.
To temple of Diana then,
With spéede these couple goe:
And with them sundry worthy wightes,
The mariage rites to doe.
In outward shew shée did expresse,
Great signes of mirth and ioy:
But in her heart shée did contriue,
This tyrant to destroy.

Ere that they fully were assurde,
Chast Camna bad one bring,
To her a drinking glasse:
Of which shée must to husband drinke,
As there the custome was.
She tempred had a pleasaunt drinke,
With balefull poyson strong:
Of which shée dranke one part,
And to Sinoris gaue the rest,
Which so did pricke his heart:
That Phisickes skill could not preuaile,
To saue his vading life,
Which well did please the minde of her,
That then should be his wife.
When Camna saw that her deuice,
Did frame euen as shée would:
She gréetes Dianas Image there,
With thankes a thousand folde.
And méekely knéeling on her knées,
Ah Goddesse, then she sayde,
Thou knowest from murdring of my selfe
How hardly I haue stayde.

Thou knowest, quoth shée, what bitter pangues,
Hath gripte my heart with griefe:
Since my deare husbands death:
And onely hope of iust reuenge,
Prolonged hath my breath.
Which since I sée now come to passe,
With gladnesse will I die,
And séeke that soule to finde:
In life and death, which then my selfe,
To me was déerer friend.
And thou, thou caitife vile (quoth shée)
Which didst my mariage craue:
In stéede now of a mariage bed,
Prepare thy selfe a graue,
But séeing then Sinoris dead.
To husbandes spite shée cryed:
Oh, let not thy swéete company,
To mée now be denied:
Come méete me now my louing mate,
Who still I tender most:
And saying so her armes abroad,
She yéelded vp the Ghost.

## Amery Iest.

SOmetimes in France, a woman dwelt,
Whose husband being dead:
Within a yéere, or somwhat more,
An other did her wed.
This good wife had of wealth great store,
Yet was her wit but thin:
To shew what happe to her befell,
My Muse doth now begin.

It chaunced that a ſcholler poꝛe,
Attirde in courſe aray,
To ſée his friends that dwelt farre thence,
From Paris toke his way:
The garments were all rent and toꝛne
Wherwith this wight was clad:
And in his purſe, to ſerue his néede,
Not oñe denére he had:
Yée was conſtrainde to craue the almes,
Of thoſe which oft would giue,
His néedy and his poꝛe eſtate
With ſome thing to relieue.
This ſcholler on a froſtie moꝛne,
By chaunce came to the doꝛe:
Of this old ſilly womans houſe,
Of whome wée ſpake beforе.
The huſband then was not at home,
Yée craueth of the dame:
Who had him in, and gaue him meaſe,
And aſkt from whence hée came.
I came (quoth hée) from Paris towne.
From Paradiſe (quoth ſhe)
Yen call that Paradiſe the place,
Wher e all good ſoules ſhalbe.
Cham zure my burſt goodman is dere,
Which died this other yéere:
Chould ge ue my friend a good gray groate,
Some newes of him to heare.
Yée ſaw ſhée did miſtake his woꝛdes,
And tho ught to make ſome glée:
And ſaide, your huſband is in health,
I lately did him ſée.
Now by my troth (quoth ſhée) cham glad,
Good ſcholler doe declare:
Was not hée wꝛoth, becauſe I ſent
Yim from this woꝛld ſo bare?

In

In déede (quoth he) he was diſppleaſd,
And thought it farre vnméete,
You hauing all to ſend him hence,
With nothing but a ſhéete.
(Quoth ſhée) good ſcholer, let me know,
When thou returnſt agayne,
Yée anſwerd, Dame I will be there,
Within this wéeke or twayne.
Shée ſayde, my friend if that iche durſt
Preſume to be ſo bolde,
Chould pray thée carrie him ſome clothes,
To kéepe him from the colde.
Yée ſaide he woulde with all poſte haſte,
Into the towne ſhée hies,
Hat, doublet, ſhert, coate, hoſe and ſhoes.
Shée there for husband buyes,
Shée praying him in earneſt ſorte,
It ſafely to conuey,
Did geue him money in his purſe,
And ſo he went his way,
Not halfe of halfe an howre was paſt,
Ere husband hers was come,
What newes shée heard from Paradiſe,
Shée tolde him all and ſome.
And farther did to him declare,
What token ſhée had ſent,
Whereat her husband wared wroth,
And woondrous ill content.
Ye calde her ſotte, and doating fole,
And after him doth ride,
The Scholler was within a Yedge,
And him a farre eſpide.
Yée was afrayde, and downe doeth fling
His fardell in a dike,
The man came néere, and aſkt him newes,
Of one whom hée did ſéeke.

That bare a fardell at his backe,
The scholler musde a while,
Then answearing, said, such one I saw,
Passe ouer yonder style.
With hasty speede he downe alightes,
And doth the scholler pray,
Till he the man had ouertane,
So long the horse to stay.
Untill hée passed out of sight,
Full still the scholer bides,
Who taking then his fardell on
His horse, away he rides.
When he returnd and saw himselfe,
By scholer flouted so,
Your selues may iudge what chéere he made,
If he were wroth or no.
Ye sware I thinke a hundred oathes,
At length per mundum toots,
For that he had no shoes to weare,
Parch homewardes in his bootes.
His wife did méete him at the dore.
Hayee cought man? (quoth shée)
No Dame (he sayde) he caught my horse:
The Diuel take him and thée.
With that shée laught, and clapt her hands,
And sayde cham glad ich sweare,
For nowe he hath a horse to ride,
Ye wilbe quickly there.
When that her husband well had wayde,
That remedy there was none,
Ye takes his fortune in good parte,
And makes no farther mone.
Now whether that this honest wife,
Did loue her first good man,
To such as shall perusse this tale,
The case I leaue to scan.

## To his friend.

IF thou wilt shun the pricking briers,
And thornie cares that solly brédes,
Put bridle to thy fond desires,
Make reason mistres of thy dædes.
Attempt not hing by rash advice,
If thou thus doe, then art thou wise.

Where Wit to Will is slaue and thrall,
Where fond affection beareth sway,
Ten thousand mischieles do befall:
And vertue cleane is cast away,
For hauing rashnes for their guide,
Such cannot chose but wander wyde.

Their credite quickly lies in dust,
Which yéelde as bondslaues to their will,
And follow euery foolish lust,
Such leaue the good, and choose the yll,
The wayes of vertue those forgoe,
And tread the pathes of care and woe.

Wilt thou possesse eternall ioyes,
And porte of blisse at length attayne?
Still prayse the Lord with heart and voyce,
From doyng yll thy steppes refrayne.
These things obserude, be sure at last,
In heauen with Christ, thou shalt be plast.

## A Newyeeres gift to Maister G. R.

THye curtesies yée haue to me profest,
The bounty great that doth from you procéed,

Would

Woulde make me déeme that day to be moſt bleſt,
In which I might ſtand you in any ſtéede:
When if I flinch, cry on me open ſhame,
And where you come, doe bafful my good name.

If yée doe muſe that I but now begin,
For to expreſſe that heart hath long concealde,
Aſſure your ſelfe, my ſecrete thought within,
So pricke me forth, it néedes muſt be reuealde.
And eke deſire doth bid me let you know:
The loyall zeale, and duety that I owe.

As I confeſſe there is not in me ought,
To anſweare that my Velle would fulfill,
So (make account) right farre hée muſt be ſought,
That doth ſurmount or paſſe me in goodwill.
Which as in woordes I haue geuen out to ſome,
My déedes ſhal try, if once occaſion come.

A crew there are, whoſe nature is to gloze
And vaunt in woords, when heart thinks nothing leſſe,
Aſſure your ſelfe, that I am none of thoſe,
But will performe, what here I doe profeſſe.
If that I ſhrink, when you haue cauſe to rid me
Doe caſt me off, and vtterly denie me.

Of fortunes giftes ſince ſlender is my part,
Take here in ſigne of happy yére at hand,
Theſe ragged lines true heraulds of my heart
By which yée may my meaning vnderſtand,
Their maiſter hath geuen them in charge to tel,
When he would worſt, ý hée doth wiſh you wel.

## A Tranſlation out of French.

O Heauenly God, all beaſtes that doe remayne,
And nouriſht are with fode that thou doeſt ſend,
Within the woddes, the mountaynes, and the playne,
Thy holy heſt, and lawes doe not offende.
The ſcudding fiſh that ſwimmes amidſt the Sea,
The prety birdes that play them in the ayre:
Sunne mone and ſtarres, ech thing doth thée obey,
And at thy voyce doe tremble all for feare,
But man alas, yea man, whom thou doeſt make,
More perfect farre then all things els that liue,
Man whom thou wouldſt thy proper ſhape to take,
To whom for guyde, thou reaſon eke didſt geue,
And wit, and ſenſe for to diſcerne aright,
What thing to take, what likewiſe to refuſe:
Ye, he, vile wretch, and moſt vnthankefull wight,
Thy maieſty, and honour doth abuſe.

## A Complaint of a Sinner.

O Lord moſt deare, w̄ many a teare, lamenting, lamẽting,
I fall before thy face,
And for ech crime, done ere this time, repenting, repenting
Moſt humbly call for grace.
Through wanton will, I muſt confeſſe,
Thy precepts ſtill I doe tranſgreſſe,
The world with his vayne pleaſure,
Bewitcht my ſenſes ſo,
That I could find no leaſure,
My vices to forgoe.
I graunt I haue through my deſerte,
Deſerud great plagues and bitter ſmart.

But yet swéet God, doe stay thy rod, forgeue me, forgeue me,
Which doe thine ayde implore,
O cease thine ire, I thée desire, beléeue me, beleue me,
I will so sinne no more.
But still shall pray thy holy name,
In the right way my steppes to frame,
So shall I not displease thee,
Which art my Lord of might.
My heart and tongue shall prayse thée,
Most humbly day and night.
I will delight continually,
Thy name to lawde and magnify.

With sighes & sobs, my heart it throbs, remembring, remem
The fraylty of my youth, (bring
I ran a race, deuoyd of grace, not rendring, not rendring
Due reuerence to thy truth.
Such care I cast on earthly toyes,
That nought I past for heauenly ioyes,
But now it me repenteth,
My heart doeth bléede for woe,
Which inwardly lamenteth,
That euer it sinned so.
With many a sigh, and many a grone,
O Lord to thée I make my mone.

Though furious fires of fond desires, allure me, allure me,
From thée to wander wyde:
Let pitifull eyes, and moysened eyes, procure thée, procure
To be my Lorde and guyde. (thée
As Scripture sayth, thou doest not craue,
A sinners death, but wouldest him saue:
That sinfull wretch am I O Lorde,

Which

Which would repent and liue,
With ceaſſeſſe plaints I cry Lorde,
Thy pardon to me geue.
O Lord for thy ſwéete Jeſu ſake,
Doe not ſhut vp thy mercie gate.

Mercy, mercy, mercy, graunt me I pray thée, I pray thée,
Graunt mercy louing Lorde,
Let not the Diuel which meanes me euill, betray me, betray
Protect me with thy worde. (mée,
So ſhall my heart find ſwéete relieſe,
Which now féeles ſmart and bitter griefe.
O Lord, I doe requeſt thée,
To guyde my ſteppes ſo well,
That when death ſhall areſt me,
My ſoule with thée may dwell
In heauen aboue, where Angels ſing,
Continuall prayſe, to thée theyr king.

## A Dumpe.

THe pangues, the priuie mones,
The inward ſecrete ſmarte,
The griefes, the heauie grones,
That vexe my dolefull heart,
So plundge my life in paines,
And reaue mée of all ioy,
That death is onely meanes,
To ridde me from anoy.

I graunt that vitall breath, preserueth life in me,
Yet liue I so, that death more welcome farre should be.
No wight was euer so perplexed with despite,
I liue to tast ech woe, and die to all delight.

Although by outward looks, some deeme me void of thought
Lookes are no certayne bookes, but beare false titles oft.
For sundry times I iest, when ioy (alas) is small,
And laugh amongst the rest, yet haue no lust at all.

Lae thus in secret strife, my lingring dayes are led,
I die yet am aliue: I line, as being dead.
The more I beare it out, as if I felt no yll,
The greater grieues, no doubt, doe grow within me still.

The thing which doth amate, and most anoy my mind,
Is that my hard estate, no remedy can finde.
As one that loathes to liue, and daily calles for death,
These lines to thee I geue, in witnesse of my fayth.

## A Dumpe by his friende. G.C.

My heauy heart in dolours drowndе,
Consumes and pines away:
And for me weth, nought can be found,
To cause my cares decay.
Yee eyes of mine, helpe to bewayle,
Powre forth your brinish teares,
To rue, alas, his wretched state,
In whom no ioy appeares.

How should I wretch take any rest,
How can my heart feele ioy,

When

When as the wight, that loues mée best,
Lyes plundged in annoy:
Whereto serue teares, but to bewayle,
The losse of such a friend:
Weepe eies, alas, weepe on your fill,
And neuer make an end.

His troubled state, if to redresse,
The spending of my blod:
Or that small pelfe that I possesse,
Could doe him any god.
Then should your eies somtimes permit,
Mée silly wretch to sléepe,
But out alas, it may not bée,
Wherefore cease not to weepe.

Such inward griefe doth mée assayle,
Through thought of his estate:
That if I long of succour fayle,
All helpe will come to late:
O sacred loue, to cure these woes,
Use thou some spédie meanes:
Or els, alas, with some short death,
Dispatch mée of these paines.

## *For his friend.*

LAte being newly fangled, so fancie did moue,
I was fast entangled in nets of blinde loue,
(God friends, doe beléeue me) I chose out a trull,
Which daily doth giue me a shrewd crow to pull.
Fauour with her felowes raisde coales of desire,
Bewtie was the bellowes, that first blew the fire.

Thus

Thus was I enflamed, no reason was left me,
My senses were lamed, my wits were bereft me.
In hope of some fauour, I then fell a woing:
Such was her behauiour, she sought my vndoing,
Small is my promotion, most foulish, what ment I,
To yéelde my deuotion, to such a dame daintie:
Since loue first soiourned, such ease doe I féele,
As Yxion, turned about on the wheéle.
Although by deseruing, she ought to be mine,
With Tantalus staruing, in griefe still I pine.
And through her controlling, my rest is as ill:
As Sisiphus rolling the stone vp the hill.
Thus is my state chaunged, déepe dolours do fill me:
My mirth is estraunged, good death come and kil me.
Whiles I héere in moning, the time out doe linger:
My griefe and my groning, is falne in my finger.
My finger, my finger, my finger, beléeue me:
Alas little finger, ful sore thou dost grieue me,
Was euer a finger perplext in such taking,
I thinke my poore finger will neuer leaue aking.
The cause of my sadnes, at length I coniecture:
Is loue with his madnes, that brédes this infecture.
I force not a pinne, it forth now is gotten:
Yet whole is the skinne, the flesh is not rotten.
I heard when it fel, now féele I no euil:
Dame daintie farewell, adew to the deuill.

## A straunge Historie.

A Youngman once, by chaunce that lost his way,
Through deserts wilde, as on a time hée past:
Foure Lyons fierce, that sought to gaine some pray,
With gasping throte, hée saw make at him fast.
Who running swift, to shunne this daunger great,

Espied

Eſpied a well, ſmall trées about it gréwe,
By which hée honge, and in the ſame did leape,
Their ramping pawes and malice to eſchew.
Thus as hée thought the perill to eſcape,
Hée did diſcry a mightie Dragon fell,
With open mouth moſt hidiouſly to gape:
Him to deuour in bottome of the well.
Then lifting vp his head, hée loked out,
And might perceiue the Lions ſtill remaine,
Which in ſuch ſort beſet the well about,
That of eſcape, all hoping was in vaine.
Thus as with death himſelfe beſiegde hée ſaw,
A chaunce befell, which made him more diſmayde,
Two beaſtes, one white, the other blacke did knaw,
The little twigges, that him from falling ſtayde.
With daunger thus beſette on euery ſide,
Hée in a hole, behinde his backe did finde,
A honny pot, which ſome man there did hide,
Now caſting all his care out of his minde,
Hée with one hand the honny ſwéete did taſte:
The other did from falling him ſuſtaine:
Untill the beaſtes had gnawne the twigs at laſt,
That downe hée fell, and ruthfully was ſlaine.
This well, the world doth truely repreſent,
In which wée liue in daunger euery houre:
By Lions foure the elements are meant,
Which dayly ſéeke all mankinde to deuoure.
The Dragon fell, doth ſignifie our graue,
The twigges ſelf loue, the beaſts, the night and day.
The honny pot, the great deſire we haue
To worldly ioyes, euen to our ſoules decay.
Ech one therfore, I earneſtly aduiſe,
Héere in this world to vſe themſelues ſo well.
And ſpend their dayes in ſuch a godly wiſe,
That after death their ſoules in heauen may dwell.

# Giffordes

# Farewell Court.

## The Preface to a Treatiſe enſuing,

compyled by the Authour, vpon a theme giuen
*by his approued friend and kinſman*
*Maiſter A. D.*

I Haue, according to my promiſe, though ſlenderly, compiled this ſimple diſcourſe on the theme that yee gaue me, which was your Farwel to the court: which although it be nothing ſo well handled, as by ſome experienced courtier it might haue beene done: neuertheleſſe it being conſidered, that my education hath beene ſo far diſtant from the court, that I neuer ſawe the faſhions of the court, I hope that the priuiledge of a pardon may bee purchaſed for my excuſe in this behalfe. I haue heerein introduced Witte and Wil as two domeſtical counſellers, alwayes attendant on a man marching in this vale of miſerie: The one giuing him truſtie and wholſome admonitions, how hee ſhould here direct his life to the glory of God, and his ſoules health: The other with the flattering allureméts of the ſinfull fleſh, enticeth him to the purſutes of the pleaſures of this worlde, in the end drouning him in the puddle of al abhomination, to the vtter confuſion both of body and ſoule. Vnder the perſon of Wit is prefigured a man, hauing a certaine carefull regarde of his calling, which is once in a mans life inſtilled into the harts of thoſe, whome God hath ſealed vp vnto ſaluation, and cauſeth them cleane to caſt away the vile and vaine vanities that the wicked world accounteth as precious, and addict all their doings towards the attainement of lyfe

euerlaſting.

euerlasting. Vnder the person of Wil, is picturde out, how a man letting slippe the bridle of his affections, is caryed from the precious paths of perfect felicitie, to the ineuitable daungers of drowning *Caribdis* : and so passing the sea of this world, not stopping his eares with the waxe of vnderstanding, the voluptuous pleasures thereof, as subtill *Sirens*, entice him to the folowing of them, whome they presently drown in such delights, that he hath neuer farther regarde to the preseruing of his soule, but imitating the nature of bruite beastes, addicteth himselfe onely vnto that, which his owne sensuall appetite shal allowe to be good. Although this may, peradventure seeme vnto you, a too far fetched circumstance, little or nothing pertinent to the purpose : yet my hope is, that when yee haue throughly perused it, yee shall not finde the theme that ye gaue me, left altogether vntouched. The best is, I know your thankfull disposition to be such, that howsoeuer it be, being willingly offered, it shal not of you be vngratefully accepted. Thus referring the view heereof to your discret consideration, I wishe you and yours abundance of such prosperitie, as your heart desireth.

H. G.

S.

# Farewell Court.

I Youth, when Fancie bare the sway,
Within my peeuish braine:
And Reasons loze by no meanes could
My wanton will restraine:
My gadding minde did pricke me forth,
A courtiers life to proue:
Whose golden shewes, and vaine delights,
My senses then did moue.
Not halfe so fast the boowdged shippe,
The water in doth drinke:
When foes by force of roring gunnes,
Endeuour her to sinke:
As when the flodes of fond desires,
Came rumbling in my head:
Which clean extinguisht Uertues sparks,
That Nature there had bred.
No power I had the sinfull snares
Of filthy vice to shunne:
My good desires did melt away,
As snow against the sunne.
If wit somtimes would goe about,
Mee wisely to perswade,
How that I spent my time amisse,
And vsde a naughtie trade.
Then wilfull will would bee at hand,
And plucke mee by the sleeue:
And tell mee plaine, wit was a foole,
And could no counsell geue.
His lores (quoth will) are very sowre,
His precepts are but colde:
Doe follow mee, then all delights
To vse thou mayst bee bolde.

Hee

Hée talkes of ſcripture euery hower,
Unſauery to diſgeſt:
And I will alwayes ſerue thy turne,
With that which likes thée beſt.
Who would not rather rome abroad,
To ſéeke ſome pleaſaunt ſporte:
Then to be pend in ſtudy ſtaſt,
Like ſouldier in a forte:
To hawke, to hunt, to carde, to dice,
To ſing, to daunce, to play:
And can there bée more pleaſaunt meanes,
To driue away the day:
To toſſe the buckler and the blade,
Lewd women to entice:
Are not theſe vertues moſt eſtéemde,
And had in greateſt price:
To lend ech man a friendly looke,
And vſe the glolers arte:
In outward ſhew to beare good will,
And hate him with our heart.
Are not ſuch men as flatter beſt,
In euery coaſt eſtéemde:
Is not Tom teltroath euery where,
A buſie cockſcombe déeme:
It is a world to ſée the ſotte,
To haue a checke, hée knowes:
And yet the noddy neuer linnes,
Wens vices to diſcloſe.
Hée euer telles men of their faultes
Such is his rude behauiour,
When hée by ſpeaking nought at all,
Might purchaſe greater fauour.
Who counts it not a wiſemans parte,
To runne with hare and hound:
To ſay and vnſay with one breath,
So winning may bée found:

Wherefore reioyce, set sorow on hoppe,
Let nothing make thee sad,
Bee mery heere: when thou art dead,
No mirth can then bee had.
Thus wanton Will would euery day
Still whisper in mine eare:
And wit, which could not then be heard,
Was fled I know not where.

Who tries the hazard of the seas,
By sturdy tempest tost:
If that a drunkard guide their ship,
Are they not quickly lost:
Yow like (I pray you) is hee then,
To suffer shipwracke still,
Whose wit and wisdome gouernde is,
By his vnruly will:
This Pilot vile, in mee long time,
Did maisters rowme supply:
Till good Aduice did tell mee plaine,
I ranne my course awry.
Yee spyed a time to breake his minde,
When Will was gone apart:
And thus to mee he did vnfolde,
The secretes of his heart.

O Man, for whome Christ on the crosse,
His precious blood did spill:
What dost thou meane in mundane toyes
To spend thy time so ill:
Dost thou not thinke that God hath eies,
To see thy vile abuse:
What shew of reason canst thou bring,
Thy rashnes to excuse?
Did Christ sustaine most bitter death,
All sinnes to redeeme:

And wilt thou wallow still in lust?
And not his lawes esteeme?
If he by death, and no meanes els,
Mens sinfull soules could saue,
Doest thou then thinke by wanton life,
Eternall ioyes to haue?
Too too too much thou art deceaude,
If so thou doe beléeue:
That he to haue men liue in vice,
Himselfe to death would geue.
With vpright eye peruse his lawes:
And thou shalt cléerely sée,
Into what sinkes of deadly sinne,
Thy will hath carried thée.
Thine eyes doe sée, thine eares doe heare:
Thy senses all doe serue thée,
Yet canst thou neyther heare nor sée,
Such thinges as should preserue thée.
In earthly toyes thou canst discerne
That which may best auayle thée,
But in such thing as touch thy soule,
Thy eyesight still doeth fayle thée.
O what a madnesse moues thy minde!
Thou séest and hast thy senses:
Yet wilt thou blindly wallow still,
In filth of vile offences.
It better were for one to be,
Of sight depriued cléere,
Then sée to sinne, and not see that
Which chiefly should be féare.
Take héede therefore: at length repent,
Its better late then neuer:
For Christ the Cockle from the corne,
At haruest will disseuer.
At day of doome, the good and bad,
Shall not alike remayne:

The good shall taste vncessant ioyes:
The bad eternall payne.
Doste thinke that such as tospotlike,
Set all at fire and seuen,
Are in a ready way to bring
Their sinfull soules to heauen?
And those that in great Princes Courtes,
Doe Ruffian like behaue them,
Doste deeme that they thereby procure,
A ready meane to saue them?
To sweare, to stare, to bib & bowse,
To flatter, glose, and lye,
Is this (tell me) the stedfast fayth,
That men are saued by?
If white be blacke, if night be day,
If true pretence, bee treason:
If fire be colde, if senseleste things
Fulfill the rule of reason.
Then may the pleasures of this worlde,
We cause of our saluation,
For otherwise, thou must confesse,
They further our damnation.
Take heede therefore, and warned thus,
Let not the worlde beguile thee,
Ne let the lustes of lawlesse flesh,
With sinfull deedes defile thee.
Let wilfull will be banisht cleane,
With all his wanton toyes,
Which filles thy head with vayne delightes,
In steede of stedfast ioyes.
Note well my wordes, still serue the Lorde,
Repent and sinne no more,
Christ hath for true repentaunt heartes,
Great mercie still in store.

When

When good aduice had tolde this tale,
Prostrate I downe did fall,
And humbly holding vp my handes,
Thus on the Lorde did call.

O Mighty God which for vs men,
Didst suffer on the Crosse,
The paynefull pangues of bitter death,
To saue our soules from losse,
I yéeld thée héere most hearty thankes,
In that thou doest vouchsaue,
Of me most vile and sinfull wretch,
So great regard to haue.
Alas none euer had more cause,
To magnifie thy name,
Then I, to whom thy mercies shewde,
Doe witnesse well the same.
So many brunts of fretting foes,
Who euer could withstand,
If thou hadst not protected me,
With thy most holy hand:
A thousand times in shamefull sort,
My sinfull life had ended,
If by thy gratious goodnesse Lorde,
I had not byn defended.
In stinking poles of filthy vice,
So déepely was I drowndé,
That none there was but thée alone,
To set my foote on ground.
Whenas the fiend had led my soule
Euen to the gates of hell,
Thou caldst mée backe, and doest me chose,
In heauen with thée to dwell.
Let furies now fret on their fill:
Let Sathan rage and roze,

As

As long as thou art on my side,
What néede I care for more?

My Prayer sayde: me thought I felt
Such quiet in my mynde,
As shipmen after tempest past,
In wished harbour finde.
My will woulde then no more presume,
To rule in reasons place,
For good aduice would bée at hand,
His doyngs to disgrace.
Who tolde me playne that wanton will,
Did alwayes serue the Diuell,
And was his busiest instrument,
To stirre vp men to euill.
Although the gallant be so braue;
And sell such pleasures here,
They that best cheape doe buy the same,
Shall find it all too deere.
Yet they that woulde aduenture there,
The Diuell and all may gayne.
With euery inch of pleasant ioyes,
Ye selles ten Elles of payne.
If that thou wisely wilt forsake,
Such winnings to eschew,
Ere beggery take thée by the backe,
Doe byd the Court adew.
Henceforth exile vile wanton will,
Which is thy chiefest foe;
Goe get thée home: liue to thy selfe,
And let all courting goe.
Experience now should make thée know,
What bée in court doth rayne,
And tract of time shoulde teach thee shunne
Her pleasures mixt with payne;

Though

Though some may dayly there be seene,
That follow vertue still,
Which honour God, obey their Prince,
And flie from dooyng ill,
Yet sure, of them the greatest parts
Are carried so away
With vayne delightes, that they no thinke,
Nor mynde their soules decay.
O that I here tolde not a lye,
O, were it not too true:
That very few, theyr Princelie steppes,
In godlinesse ensue.
Should I passe on her golden giftes
And graces to declare:
The sandes in bottome of the Seas,
More easily numbred are.
If tongue or pen should take in hand,
Her vertues to vnfolde,
Tongue should not speake, pen would be worne
Ere halfe the tale were tolde.
Shee is (next God) the onely spring,
From which our welfare flowes:
She is a tree, on which nought els,
But graftes of goodnesse growes.
Shee is a Sunne that shines on vs,
with beames of blissefull happes,
Shee is a dew that daily drops,
Great plenty in our lappes.
When angry Neptune shipwracke threats,
Through force of wrestling waues
Shee is a port of sake refuge,
Which vs from daunger saues.
When duskie cloudes of errors blacke,
Had dimde our ioyfull day,
Through Christ shee caused the Gospell shine
Which draue them all away.

Dhée woꝛthy ſtatutes hath oꝛdayned,
To kéepe men ſtill in awe,
But euery man vnto himſelfe,
Will now ſet downe a lawe,
Such as his will doth fancy beſt,
They neuer care how bad,
Noꝛ farre from God and godlineſſe,
So pleaſure may be had.
If lawleſſe luſt were lawfull loue,
If wauering woꝛdes were déedes,
Then would the Court bꝛing foꝛth moꝛe fruite,
And not ſo many ſpéedes.
Thou knoweſt among the courting crew,
How little fayth is foꝛced:
Sound friendſhip from the moſt of them,
Is vtterly deuoꝛced.
Who cannot flatter, gloſe and lie,
And ſet thereon a face,
Is neuer able foꝛ his life,
To get a Courtly grace.
Who ſweates not in his ſutes of ſilke,
And is not paſſing bꝛaue,
Amongſt them beares no countenance,
They déeme him but a ſlaue
As long as thou haſt ſtoꝛe of coyne,
And ſpendſt it with the beſt,
In outward ſhew great friendlineſſe,
To thée ſhalbe pꝛofeſt.
But if thy wealth begin to weare,
If pence begin to fayle thée,
Theyꝛ friendſhip then in time of néede,
But little ſhall auayle thée.
Foꝛ they will ſhꝛinke their heades aſide,
And leaue thée poore alone,
If twenty were thy friendes before,
Now hardly getſt thou one.

I pray thée let vs scan this tale,
And doe thou sadly tell,
What thing at first, did make thée like,
And loue the Court so well:
Didst thinke that there a godly life,
Might soonest be attaynde,
And motions of the sinfull flesh,
Most easily be refrayned?
That cannot be, for all men sée,
How vice is there imbrasde,
And vertue with the greatest parte,
Is vtterly defasde.
Did hope of wealth, first pricke thée forth,
In Court to spend thy life:
Or didst thou thinke that liberal gifts,
With noble men were ryfe?
If ought thou carrie in thy purse,
Thou quickly there mayst spend it:
But when thy landes, and rentes are gone,
How canst thou then amend it?
To begge would gréeue thy loftie mynde,
That earst had store of wealth,
And hanging is the end of such,
as take mens goodes by stealth.
Because thou serust a noble man,
Perhaps thou makst no doubt,
In hope that he at such a pinche,
Will alwayes beare thée out.
Such hope hath hanged many a one,
Whom wilful Will did guyde:
By often proofe in these our dayes,
Tis true it hath béene tried.
For when a halters sliding knot,
Hath stopt their vitall breath,
He was (say they) a handsome man,
Its pitie of his death.

Thus all to late their pitie comes,
But seldome comes their ayde,
Wherefore doe not forget these wordes,
That I to thée haue sayde,
Be not sedeipffy by wanton will,
Let warnings make thee wise.
And after this in all thy déedes,
Be rulde by good aduise.

This tale béeyng tolde, he heald his peace,
And I which found it true,
Did yéeld him thankes and gate me home,
And bad the Court adew.

We till to sowe, we sow to reape,
We reape and grind it by and by:
We grinde to bake, we bake to eate,
We eate to liue, we liue to die.
We die with Christ to rest in ioy,
In heauen made free from all anoy.

FINIS.

# A Preface to certaine queſtions and

## Riddles enſuing, tranſlated out of Italian verſe, into engliſh verſe, by H.G.

ALL yee vnto whome the skanning and viewing,
Shal come of theſe queſtions, & riddles enſuing:
I let you firſt know thus much without fayning,
That all of them carry a good and cleane meaning,
If ſo they be conſtred aright in their ſenſe,
Thus much may I boldly ſpeake in their defence:
But if in ill part ſome fortune to take them,
We fayle of the end, to which we did make them.
Which was for the ſolace of them that can vſe them.
What thinges can be ſound, if men wil abuſe them?
To ſuch as are cleane, what can be vnpure?
Such as are defilde, ill thoughts haue in vre,
If of any riddle badde ſenſe ye pick out,
Geſſe at it againe: ye fayle without doubt,
And doe not aright his meaning expound:
Their true expoſition is honeſt and ſound.
And that ſhall be proued, if you will craue tryall,
So truely, that no man will ſtand in deniall,
Committing the ſequel to your approbation,
I finiſh the preface of this my tranſlation.

1

A Father once, as bookes expresse,
Had sonnes twise sixe, nor more nor lesse:
Ech sonne of children had seores three,
Halfe of them sonnes, halfe daughters bee.
The sonnes are farre more white then snowe,
The daughters blacker then a crow.
Wee see these children dayly die,
And yet they liue continually.

2

A mightie blacke horse, with gallant white winges,
Within his graund paunch beares many straunge thinges:
Hee oft doth trauayle for maysters auayle,
And carryes his bridle tyed fast to his taile.
In going hee flyes twixt earth and the ayre,
And oft, where they would not, his riders doth beare:
Hee hath diuers eies, and yet cannot see,
I pray you doe tell mee what may this beast bee?

3

A certaine thing liueth in place neere at hande,
Whose nature is straunge, if it bee well scand:
It sees without eyes, it flyes without winges,
It runnes without feete, it worckes wonderous thinges.
To places far distant it often doth rome:
Yet neuer departeth, but taryes at home.
If thou doe it couet to feele or to see,
Thy labour is lost, for it may not bee.

4

What am I that wanting, both handes feete and head,
Of all them that see me, being deemed for dead.
Of breath haue great store, and moue to and fro,
Now vp, and now downe, now hye, and now low?
Alas what hard fortune doth to mee befall:

That guiltleſſe am ſpited of great and of ſmall.
They ſtrike me, and puſh mee, South, Weſt, North & Eaſt:
Yet doe I no harme to moſt, neither leaſt.
When as my breath fayling, I can doe no more,
They then giue mée ouer, and neuer before.

5

I being the daughter of my vncles brother,
Am now of late become a mother:
And with my milke from my pappes which flowes,
I nouriſh a ſonne, my mothers owne ſpowſe,
Now tell what I am, declare mine eſtate,
For I giue him ſucke, that firſt me begate.

6

None liueth more iocound in al the whole land,
Though head doth lye buryed in mucke and in ſand:
My beard it is gray, though not very old,
The ſtrong I make weepe, nor for heate, nor for cold:
Yet ſuch is my ſtate, that the poore loue me well.
And ſtil I am forſt with great men to dwell.

7

From ſouth and weſt commeth a ſtraunge warlike nation,
Attirde and apparelo in wonderfull faſhion:
In garments milke white, theſe people are clad,
Which ſtrike and oppreſſe both good men and bad,
But fauour they ſhew in dealing their blowes,
And ſaue him from danger, eth on his way goes.
And on his backe caryes dead bodyes great ſtore,
Which with their thicke buffets had beate them before,
Great furies are kindled at end of the fray:
Which makes this ſtraunge nation all vaniſh away.

8

Long is it ſince firſt to the world I came,
Small am I of body, poore, feeble, and lame.
Yet none in this world, nor one neyther other,
In richeſſe and ſubſtaunce ſurpaſſeth my mother.

For

8

Not long am I graunted this life to enioy,
So many there are that worke mée annoy.
O Lord how they rent mée, it cannot bée told:
What tormentes I suffer in heat and in cold.
One while am I drowned, such hap doth befal,
Then next doe they roste me: yet this is not al.
When thus they haue vsde me, they cannot forbeare me,
Ere first being beaten, by péecemeale they teare me.
Then serue I the turne of euery estate,
But one kinde of people mée deadly doth hate.

9

Doe tell me my friends, what creature is hée,
That two times is borne, as all men may sée.
And liueth a space, though not very long:
And often is killed, not hauing done wrong?
When ỹ his breath fayleth, it liueth no more.
It then is baptised, and neuer before.
Though many a one doe euill entreate it,
They loue it right well, and often doe eate it.

10

A certain dead creature in mine armes I take,
With her back to my bosome, great glée doth she make.
As thus I doe hold her, she greatly doth chéere mée,
And wel are they pleased, that sée me and heare mée.
Whilst erst it remayned in forest and field,
It silent remayning, no speech forth did yéeld.
But since she of life, by death was depriued,
With language shée speaketh, mens sprites are reuiued.

11

A father begat me, yet I haue no mother.
Nor Uncle nor aunt, nor sister, nor brother.
Straight when I was born, I began to florish,
For euery estate toke care me to norish,
Thus many score yéeres, they haue loued me full well:

And

And eke entertaind me, amongſt them to dwell,
All partes of the woꝛld I vieẅd in ſhoꝛt ſpace:
And ſtill was bad welcome, in euery place.
Though many by me, reape loſſe, care, and woe,
They neuer will licence me from them to goe.

12

Yard foꝛtun doth haunt me, by nature eſtranged
From male into female, I often am chaunged.
And where as befoꝛe I liud well contented,
With pꝛickings and punchings I noẅ am toꝛmented:
Noẅ, moꝛe to accompliſh their gréedy deſire,
They cruelly heate mée, and ſcoꝛch me ẅith fire.
Though badly they vſe mée, ſo milde am I ſtill:
That I yéelde them life that thus doe mékill.

13

Amongſt the firiendſhips rare,
Of which old ẅꝛiters tell:
This may bée plaſke in higheſt roome,
And doth deſeruе it ẅell.
Whiles death ẅith gaſping thꝛote
Did gape foꝛ blood pꝛay,
Life conquered death, and ſaude that life,
Which death did ſéeke to ſlay.
That life which did this déede,
As death ẅould ſtꝛaight haue ſlaine:
That life ẅhich late by him ẅas ſaude,
Pꝛeſerude frdm death againe.

14

Begot ẅi hout father, in earth I remaine,
And oft I am turnd, to my mother againe.
By night and by day I labour alẅaies,
And ẅith my ſharp ſauoꝛ both pleaſe & diſpleaſe.
Thus héere in this earth my race out I runne:
And neuer haue iſſue, noꝛ daughter, noꝛ ſonne.

15

A female I by name,
Am sister to a brother:
In all the world may not bee found,
Our like, nor one nor other.
For hee no soner dies,
But I straightwayes doe liue:
And I oft yelding vnto death,
Still life to him doe giue.
Oft after him I hie,
And gladly would him stay:
But hee than arow from the bow,
More swiftly flyes away.
Straightwayes hee folowes me,
My presence to attaine:
And as hee fled from me before,
I flye from him againe.
Though straunge our fate doth seeme,
By proofe yee may it try:
That both of vs are still aliue,
Yet both doe dayly die.
That yee may better know,
What straungers great wee bee.
Wee day and night doe dine and sup,
With men of ech degree.

16

Two are we in name, though in substaunce but one,
First framed by arte then finisht with mone.
Before we are ready for those that will buy,
Through greatnesse of torment, we howle and wee cry.
Yet feele we no griefe, for all this anoy,
Great numbers by vs haue comfort and joy.
Who when for their profits we haue done what wee may,
They then do reiect vs, and cast vs away.

17

Fayre art thou and rud, deseruing great praise,
And all men thee reuerence, and honour alwayes,

Whiles

Whiles that thy white banner abrode ſtill is ſpread,
For then thou doeſt comfort both liuing and dead,
But if thy blacke banner bée ſpread forth in dew,
All honour farewell, all gladneſſe adew.
Such woe then thou bringeſt to more and to leſſe,
As pen cannot write it, nor tongue may expreſſe.

18.

Of thée (O my friend) a thing I doe craue,
Which thou neuer hadſt, nor neuer ſhalt haue.
If that for thy ſelfe thou purpoſe to gayne it,
Thy labour is loſt, thou mayſt not obtayne it.
Although thou ſhouldſt liue a whole thouſand yéere,
And ſéeke it, yet ſhouldſt thou be nothing the néere.
Now if thou doe loue me, euen ſo as thou ſayeſt,
Doe geue it. For truely, I know that thou mayſt.

# The ſolutions of the riddles.

1 The father the yéere: the xii. cões, ỹ xii. months: the lx. children, the ccc. dayes, and xxx. nights.

2 A Ship.

3 A mans minde.

4 A ſoteball made of a bladder.

5 An old man being in priſon, his daughter comming to viſite him, woulde geue him ſucke of her breaſts & ſo nouriſh him.

6 An Onion.

7 Men trauelling in the ſnow are beaten with it, and carry the dead bodies on their garments vntill they come to a fire, which makes them vaniſh away.

8 Hempe.

9 A chicken, being firſt an Egge, & then a chicken.

10 A Lute.

11 Play at all kinde of games.

12 Wheat being the Newter Gẽder, in Latin is turned into farinam, meale, which is the feminine, which is then cõnerted into bread, & ſo nouriſheth them that bake it.

13 A man cõming to a foũtaine to drinke, ſaw a ſerpent climbing vp on a trée, to deuour a neaſt of young Egles, which ſerpent hee ſlewe with his ſworde, and ſo ſaued their liues, beeing about then to drink of the water, the young birdes, ſcraping out the filth of their neſts fowled it in ſuch ſort, that it letted him from drinking: a ſpaniel that he had there with him, taſting of it, was preſently poyſoned.

14 Salt.

15 The night and day.

16 A paire of ſheares.

17 A good tongue and a bad

18 A mayde béeing in loue with a young man, deſires him to geue her a huſbande, which in marriyng with her hée might doe.